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Selections.

THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

SPEECH OF ADJT.-GEN. THOMAS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

GOODRICH'S LANDING, LA., November, 1863.

BEFORE commencing an account of the interesting proceedings of to-day, it will be necessary to give your readers some idea of this place, and of the institution which is likely to signalize it in the history of the country. Goodrich's Landing is both a civil and a military post. It is the headquarters of Brig.-Gen. J. P. Hawkins, commanding District of Northeast Louisiana, and of George B. Field, Esq., President of the Board of Commissioners, appointed under the direction of Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, to supervise the leasing and operation of abandoned plantations. As the centre of both the civil and military government of this district, this point has especial interest. There are several thousand colored troops here also, which have been organized from one to four months, and which protect the country as well as fit themselves by drill and discipline for the active and important part which they are to take in future campaigns.

Gen. Thomas arrived here the day before yesterday. To-day, at the request of several of the officers, he addressed the soldiers, and not wishing to lose the opportunity to impress upon all classes of people correct ideas of the actual state of affairs in the district, he requested the planters to come themselves, and bring with them their negroes, and he would speak to one and all at the same time. Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, was fixed as the hour of meeting. Such was the simple and entirely impromptu preparation for one of the most interesting and important scenes of the war—a day which may become as memorable in the history of the Southwest as the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock is in the Northeast. Never before were so many free unarmed people collected together in this parish, and never in this State one-thousandth part as many for such a purpose.

A SIGNIFICANT SCENE.

Before 9 o'clock the large open space in front of the Goodrich House, Mr. Field's headquarters, began to be flecked here and there with negroes, arrayed in various degrees of grotesqueness and gayety, moving toward the rendezvous, and in the course of an hour several hundred had arrived. The women were generally bareheaded, but every sable belle who happened to be the fortunate possessor of anything that could possibly be tortured into a head-dress was sure to sport it. Bonnets of every imaginable description of antediluvian style, a few gay bandanna handkerchiefs, and here and there a back comb. One dusky sylph sported a single fine-tooth comb on the top of her head. Another had a sort of hat made from one end of a small, round haircloth sofa cushion. One old aunty astonished the public with a nightcap adorned with a frilled lace border, over which was placed a green gauze bonnet of the old caleche style, and her appearance was so comical that Capt. C. vowed she must be the prototype of the celebrated Mrs. Grump. At about 10 o'clock, an old darkey of the pedagogical persuasion marshalled his juvenile school in front of the house in true military style. They marched by twos from right to left, then countermarched and formed in front of the piazza. The girls (mostly young women) came first and the boys (mostly from two feet to two and a half high, and the cunningest little imps that ever walk) followed. The teacher was a specimen in himself. He wore a military coat with sundry omissions in the button line and divers rents in the seams, and a razed beaver hat with as many angles in it as a Virginia rail fence. He carried in one hand a walking cane, and in another a spelling book, and the way he ordered those darkies about was perfectly indescribable. After he had dressed them to the right, and got all their toes turned out, he commenced "putting them through their baker," which means making them spell down the first column of two-syllable words in the spelling book, which begins with "baker." Off they went like horses over a race-course—b-a ba, k-e-r ker—baker; t-a ta, k-e-r ker—taker; and so on to the end. When it is considered that none of them had ever seen a book until a few weeks ago, their proficiency was more than creditable. They were perfectly orderly, prompt to answer and evidently interested. Gen. Thomas addressed a few words to them, and by the time he had finished the soldiers began to appear in the distance.

Now it was that we began to realize the true significance of the scene. Nobody had supposed there would be anything of special importance in the quiet collection on a Sunday morning of the negroes of the neighborhood to hear a few words from Gen. Thomas; but as soon as those standing about heard the sound of his voice speaking to the children, they began to crowd about and listen, and, as I gazed on their eager upturned faces, and watched the changing light of their earnest inquiring eyes, I felt that we were going through something more than a morning's pastime. They stood in front of the piazza—a crowd of four or five hundred persons—drinking into their thirsty ears words they had never heard before, spoken by an authority they had often heard of, but never realized, and hearing of duties and responsibilities which had never occurred to them, even in their dreams. To all this they listened in breathless attention, and while they listened the long black files of the soldiers in the distance wound around and over the levee and along the road toward the house, while the sound of the drum and fife was borne to our ears by the cool breeze from the bosom of the Father of Waters. None could fail to be impressed with the important and interesting character of the scene.

The soldiers were soon massed in front of the piazza, and after the singing of a hymn, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Simmore, one of the Commissioners, during which the negroes all fell, with one accord, on their knees, Gen. Thomas stepped forward. The General is 59 years of age, and his hair is nearly white. But like most officers of the old army his form is as erect and soldierly as though he were but thirty. His voice is clear and loud and was easily heard by every one of the crowd of nearly four thousand, who listened to him. Every look marked the soldier, and every word the lover of his country and humanity.

GEN. THOMAS'S SPEECH.

In the few words I shall speak to you, I shall address four classes of persons—the soldiers, the officers, the planters and the laborers. I wish you all to listen to me attentively and mark what I say, for I shall not mince my words. The subject is too important for trifling or evasion.

And first to the soldiers, I say, it gives me great pleasure to see you here under circumstances so different from those that surrounded us when I was here last Spring. Then you were in bondage. Now you are free. Then we were on the eve of an experiment which all regarded with doubt, and many with absolute repugnance; now that experiment has blossomed into a triumphant success, and few can be found to doubt that those whose honor has been baptized in blood at Milliken's Bend and Wagner will fail their country in any future hour of peril. Than my mission was to tell the white soldiers what was the established policy of the government, both in regard to the employment and the treatment of the colored people—that they were to be armed and enlisted as soldiers, and were to be treated with the kindness and respect due from one man to another. There were great prejudices to be met and overcome, but they have vanished in a most wonderful manner, and to none is this so much due as to the black soldiers themselves, and to their commanding officers, whom I am glad to have this public opportunity to thank for the skill, energy and perseverance they have displayed in bringing you, in so short a period, to the truly admirable state of discipline which I observe among you. All the regiments here are good. One, which has the advantage of being the oldest, is better than the others, but they will soon equal it. I think there is one at Corinth that can beat you all. The Inspector-General of this army told me that it was equal to any regiment in the whole army. You can all come up to the highest standard if you use your best efforts and attend strictly to your duties. You must remember that freedom does not consist in idleness, in simply not being driven to work. Freedom brings with it duties and responsibilities of which you have, until now, known nothing. You were but lately slaves, and your masters were charged with supplying all your wants—or, rather, such of them as they chose to supply. There was no individual responsibility. But now there is. Every man is for himself, and must take care of himself or suffer for his incapacity. You have none now on whom you can lay the burden of your cares. Your welfare depends solely on your own efforts. You have none who possess or assume the right to crush or oppress you. Your sorrows and trials will be the result of your own folly or incapacity.

In other respects, too, a high and fearful responsibility rests upon you who stand before me to-day. The eyes of the North are upon you. Millions of loyal men, and many disloyal ones, too, at the North, are watching with intense interest the result of this experiment you are working out. Its success or failure depends solely upon yourselves and your officers; and the question of the elevation and development of your race is to be decided mainly by your conduct in this trying hour, and by the appreciation you show of your new and unused condition.

* * * * * * * * *

I know you can make good soldiers, for you have proved it. You have no idea of the interest felt by the North in the battles of Milliken's Bend, Fort Wagner and Port Hudson. Thus far you have nobly sustained our confidence, and I only hope you will go on improving to the end as fast as you have improved hitherto.

To the officers, I say, you occupy a position second in responsibility and importance to none in this country. You are working out, under God, the salvation of this nation. For this matter is in the hands of Providence, and you are only carrying out His great purposes. See to it that you do your work well. Providence has decreed that the black men of this country should be soldiers, and you might as well try to dam up the waters of the noble river flowing at our feet as to oppose this, the fixed desire of God. I know your hearts are in the work. I can only adjure you to hold on faithfully and confidently, and not to falter or be discouraged if, at times, things do not go exactly as you would have them. You are not only to drill your men and make them good soldiers, you are to elevate and improve their minds, spur their ambition, make them feel, as well as tell them, that they are men, and have as much right to hold up their heads in the light of day as you yourselves. Treat them kindly and with forbearance. Be patient with their shortcomings, and bear in mind the long ages of darkness and ignorance from which the valor of your arms has rescued them. If their intellects are feeble and their minds dark, all the more reason to teach them pleasantly—"line upon line and precept upon precept—here a little and there a little." The shadow of a gigantic crime has rested upon them for ages. Try, by your forbearance, your justice and your kindness, to redeem our humanity from the penalty, and theirs from the results, of this terrible sin which a great man has truly characterized as the "sum of all villanies."

You yourselves, too, can learn something. Some of the affairs in this command are not so good as they ought to be. You must teach yourselves and strive earnestly to reach the highest standard—for what an officer is, that will his men be. If your men see that you are vigilant, laborious and attentive to your duties, they will follow your good example; and if you are the opposite, they will follow your bad example, too. I have been among the colored troops in lower Louisiana; and, though I find some poor officers here, I found a great many poorer ones there. You are much superior to them.

I advise commanders of regiments to attend personally to the instruction of their subordinate officers, and to teach them from books, for, though well versed in the practical art of the soldier, many of them have never had an opportunity to become conversant with military books. It has been the practice with some of the most distinguished brigade and division commanders in the army to thus instruct their officers; and it is an excellent custom.

To the planters, I say, you are not here solely to make money. You are here for the good of the negroes, as well as for your own profit. One object in bringing you here is to have the women and children supported, and to relieve the government of the burden of the support of the sick and infirm. You must see to this. You must feed your hands well—give them plenty of sound, wholesome food. Corn bread and bacon is not enough. Ample rations are provided for by your contract, and to that contract you will be strictly held. You must deal honestly with your hands, and pay them punctually. Remember that a full belly and a heavy purse are the conditions of a profitable servant. While using these laborers, too, you must strive to elevate them, and fit them to struggle with the obstacles they are to encounter in their new condition of life. Furnish them with schools, and encourage their going to church, and do all you can, both by precept and example, to elevate them in the scale of humanity. I have been to some plantations where I judge both the spirit and letter of the intent of the foundation of this institution are carried out; but I understand that there are those who evade their duties, and to those I can only say that if they do not do their duty cheerfully they will be made to.

To the laborers I say, you are to have work, to earn your bread by the sweat of your brows, and if you refuse to work you will eat no bread. There must be no idle people here, no drones. Some of you know doubtless, that in a beehive there is a class of bees called drones, because they do no work, and that after the honey is made those that have done the work kill all the drones and cast them out of the hive. Your fate will be that of the drones if you do as they do. Your tasks are light. There is not one who cannot finish his task and have some time left besides. You must render your employers a willing obedience—make them feel that you are interested in the work as well as themselves, and then you will establish that mutual confidence which is the strongest bond between employer and employed. When your employers want anything done that requires extra care and labor, they will choose those who are most devoted to their interests.

Fathers and mothers, remember that you are bound in wedlock by God himself. Marriage is no idle ceremony, no mere compact which may at any time be broken, but a sacred and holy ordinance which it is one of the highest of crimes to break or to disregard. "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder." No man is to run away from his wife, and no wife from her husband, at the caprice of the moment. They must live faithfully together till death parts them. There has been nothing in your previous education to teach you this. You have been compelled to live together in a manner which, among whites, would have been illegal, but as I believe you submitted unwillingly to this necessity, so now I trust you will take advantage of your newly found freedom to enjoy the inestimable privilege of a virtuous domestic life. Let mothers remember that they now have a new duty to perform in the education and rearing of their children. What a man is he generally owes to his mother, and the proudest recollection of many a man, who has borne a proud and celebrated name, is, "I had a good mother." Let your children live to bless the memory of their mothers, and when they grow up to a career of usefulness and honor, let yours be the happy consciousness that they owe it in part to you. The happiness and the great privilege of the family relation, which has so long been denied to most of you, will grow upon you more than ever, as you gradually learn that it is something of which the hand of man cannot rob you; and you will treasure it as the highest of all earthly blessings.

Above all, trust in God, whose power has led you out of the dark valley of slavery into the pure sunlight of freedom, and whose boundless love is ready to do so much more for you and for us all, that no heart can conceive and no mind measure His beneficent care. Carry your sorrows and your sins to the foot of the cross, and in your hour of need and anguish call upon the blessed Saviour for comfort and protection, for He will never fail to answer the prayer of an humble and a contrite heart. Your religious instincts are strong and controlling. Give them full rein. Do your whole duty to each other, and live in the fear and love of that God who reigns over all, and who, at the last day, will judge you and me and all of us, and give every one his just and exact reward."

AN EXHORTATION.

The General was listened to with the greatest attention and respect, and all would gladly have had him continue longer than the brief time he allowed himself. His words sank deep into the hearts of all present, and the day will long be remembered with the sincerest pleasure by all who were so fortunate as to be present. No words can convey an idea of the impressiveness and solemnity of the scene. After he had finished, a hymn was sung, and then the colored preacher of this district took advantage of the large congregation to give them a few words of exhortation. He was black as the ace of spades, but I challenge three-fourths of the white preachers in this, or any other country, to put more sound sense or good advice into five minutes' talk than he did. His language was forcible, clear, and, for the most part, grammatical. He had but little of the negro idiom or pronunciation. I have often heard excellent sermons from negroes, but never one exhibiting so much thought and character as this. He told his hearers not to delude themselves with the idea that they were no longer under a master—they had only changed their master. Everybody was subject to the law and must obey it. Everything must have a head, the plantation, the house, the steamboat, the army, and to obey that head was to obey the law; to disobey lawful commands was to disobey the law. While they praised God for their freedom, they must not forget to honor him by doing their duty. They must live honestly. "Honesty is the Christian's mark," said he, and wound up by exhorting all to come to Christ, and reminding the soldiers that though they were in the army they need not think religion would be of no use to them, "Soldiers," said he, "when death comes to your bed, whether it comes to the tent, or to the field, or to the hospital, you are of no account unless you've got religion. Your gun protects you now, but at the last day your gun won't do you no good."

After he had finished, the teacher above-mentioned also took advantage of the congregation to express himself. He was a genuine darkey, lingo and all, and made a good deal of sport. The principal thing that I remember is his allusion to something that he called a passage of Scripture, in which he said that it was prophesied that "de Souf should kiver de whole Norf, and den after dat de Norf would kiver de whole Souf, and now my beloved hearers look whar de Norf is now—way *down below Vicksburg!*" He also wound up by informing his hearers that they had got to get religion if they wanted to save their souls. "If you want to go to heaven you must feed your soul, just de same as if you want to live you must feed your belly." Not a bad simile for a native of Congo.

Thus ended two hours as full of amusement and interest as any I ever passed in my life. J. A. W.

FREE LABOR IN LOUISIANA.

RESULTS OF GEN. THOMAS'S SYSTEM.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

GOODRICH'S LANDING, LA., November, 1863.

I HAVE now been at this place ten days, and, though my time has been much occupied with other duties, have been able to take a few notes and to observe superficially, at least, the operation of the system of labor that has been inaugurated and is being carried out here by the government. The principal point of interest is the bearing the system has upon the great question of free negro labor. And I may say in advance that the results are most gratifying and conclusive, and prove beyond a doubt that *the negro not only will work for wages, but is glad to have the chance; that he will save his money and spend it with a good deal of judgment, and that he looks forward to the improvement of his fortunes.* In the letter I wrote you from New Orleans I gave a partial account of the condition of the blacks in the Department of the Gulf, where there are many obstacles and discouragements to be met, and where the conditions under which they live and labor are very much the same that they will hereafter be when all legislation on the subject is stopped and every man, black as well as white, stands on his own bottom. Here the fundamental conditions are quite different, and the peculiar circumstances have been so unfortunate as to test to the utmost extent the capacity and the perseverance of the colored people, but they have shown the same qualities of industry and thrift, and the same determination to elevate themselves and to prove that they can become a self-supporting people. There are many who are lazy and shiftless, and such can be found in any community; but in spite of these, I can see clear and unequivocal indications that, as a race, they possess the higher qualities of character to a degree that will insure their future prosperity, notwithstanding the peculiar disadvantages they labor under on account of their color, provided they are let alone and given a fair chance in the world.

I will now endeavor to give, as briefly as possible, an idea of the system followed at this place, of the results of that system, and the difficulties under which it has been administered.

THE SYSTEM.

An order, dated Milliken's Bend, La., April 10, 1863, issued by Adj.-Gen. Thomas, sets forth in a few words the objects and purposes of the government in establishing this system. The following is the order:

I. The government of the United States, in order to secure the safety of commerce and navigation on the Mississippi river, have determined to locate on and near its bank a loyal population, who will protect (instead of destroying, as is now done) the freedom of commercial intercourse on this great "inland sea." That this policy may the more speedily receive its initiation, George B. Field, Capt. A. E. Strickle and Rev. L. S. Livermore are hereby appointed Commissioners, whose duty it shall be to superintend the letting of plantations to persons of proper character and qualifications, and to see that the mutual obligations between the negroes and their employers, or superintendents, shall be faithfully performed; to attend in some measure to their moral and intellectual wants; and generally to carry out the policy of the government regarding the negroes that are to be put to agricultural pursuits.

II. It being deemed the best policy, as far as possible, to make the employment and subsistence of negroes a matter to be left to private enterprise, plantations will be placed in possession of such persons as the Commissioners shall deem of good character and pecuniary responsibility, and in lieu of rent, a tax will be collected upon the product of the land, payable to such agents as the Treasury Department shall designate—care being taking to secure, as far as possible, the just rights of employer and employed. In all cases the negroes will be furnished with enough clothing for comfort, in advance of their earnings, in consequence of their present extreme destitution; and in no case will negroes be subjected to corporeal punishment by the lash, or other cruel and unusual modes.

III. Upon entering into the occupancy of plantations, Inspectors will visit each plantation and take an inventory of all property upon the estate. Crops yet ungathered will be turned over to be gathered by the lessee, upon such terms as shall secure to the government its fair share; while all movable property, stock, grain, etc., will be taken possession of by the government, or sold to the lessee, if he desire, at their appraised value, payable out of the proceeds of the plantation in the Fall—the appraisers to be appointed by the Commissioners, unless otherwise designated by the government.

IV. After the lessee shall have taken possession of the plantation, as many negroes, of average quality, as he may desire, shall be turned over to him, upon the order of the Commissioners; the lessees entering into bonds to employ them until the 1st of February, 1864, and to feed, clothe and treat humanely all the negroes thus turned over (the clothing to be deducted from their wages, and to be furnished at cost)."

V. If it shall be found impracticable (in consequence of the lateness of the season) to find persons of sufficient character and responsibility to give employment to all the negroes coming within the lines of the army, the Commissioners may appoint superintendents, under whose supervision the soil may be cultivated for the exclusive benefit of the government, or may have the plantations worked upon such terms as, in their judgment, shall be best adapted to the welfare of the negroes, taking care that, in all plans adopted, the negroes shall be self-sustaining, and not become a charge upon the government.

VI. The wages to be paid for labor shall be as follows: For able-bodied men, over fifteen years of age: seven (7) dollars per month; for able-bodied women, over fifteen years of age, five (5) dollars per month; for children, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, half price; children under twelve years of age shall not be used as field hands; and families must be kept together, when they so desire. The tax on the product of the plantation, in lieu of rent, shall be at the rate of two (2) dollars per bale of four hundred (400) pounds of cotton, and five (5) cents per bushel of corn and potatoes.

VII. Whilst military protection will not be guaranteed for the safety of persons engaged in cultivating the soil, yet all troops will be required to give protection, when it can be done without injury to the service; and it is confidently believed that the military organization of the negroes will afford all the protection necessary.

VIII. Commanders of the army will render the Commissioners such military assistance as may be necessary—without injury to the service—for the execution of their duties. The Commissioners will report their proceedings to the Secretary of War every two weeks.

Given under my hand, at Milliken's Bend, La., April 10, 1863, by authority of instructions from the Secretary of War. L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

THE OPERATION OF THE SYSTEM.

This is the whole thing in a nutshell—to protect the commerce of the river and to employ the negroes. All other results are collateral. None were anticipated. The season was very late, and it was hardly expected that capitalists could be found who would be willing to invest their money so near the enemy and run the double risk of a poor crop and the attacks of guerillas. But such is the magic charm of cotton that a considerable number of persons have been found to invest their capital in the venture. The district now under the jurisdiction of the Commissioners is very large—extending from Helena, Ark., to Natchez, Miss., but the only section where much has been done is from Lake Providence to Milliken's Bend, an extent of about fifty miles of the river bank. Between these points 45 plantations have been leased some to resident owners, some to Northern men and 15 to negroes. Every encouragement has been given to the development of individual industry and capital. No associations have been formed which, by combining, might be able to control the laboring population, or dictate their own terms, or establish their own theory of conducting the institution. It is true their rate of wages is fixed, but this is simply a minimum. There is nothing in the contract that forbids a man paying more if he chooses. He may have a scale of wages graduated according to the ability of his hands, or he may (as nearly all do) stop their wages during the cotton-picking season, and pay them by the hundred pounds. The amount picked varies from 100 to 600 pounds a day, according to the state of the crop and the skillfulness of the picker. The price paid is from fifty cents to a dollar a hundred. No applicant for a plantation has been denied, provided he could prove his loyalty and show a reasonable probability of his being able to carry out his contracts with the government and with the negroes. Every man has been compelled to invest cash in the undertaking, and to save his money he has, of course, been obliged to give the business his personal attention. There has been no credit whatever except for rent, and that comes out of the first cotton marketed. Among the resident owners who have leased plantations there have been partial failures in the fulfillment of their contract, but these have been owing to unavoidable circumstances, which I shall presently relate, or to wants of a personal character which could not have been foreseen.

CONDITIONS OF CONTRACTS.

The contract made with the lessees obliges them to employ one able-bodied laborer to every eight acres, and also to subsist and lodge a certain proportion of infirm persons and children. The usual proportion of slaves was one to every ten or twelve acres, thus reducing the expenses of maintenance twenty-five or fifty per cent. below what it is now. All these hands would, but for the plantation system, be a burden on the government. At present they are supported by private parties. The lessees are bound to pay their hands every month, and to furnish them certain specified rations. As to this part of the contract, there has been a good deal of failure. For a long time it was impossible to procure anything more than corn meal and bacon. The raid of the rebels, which destroyed a vast amount of cotton and drove away almost everybody, black as well as white, and the consequent difficulty in procuring supplies, have disorganized everything so much that a strict performance of the contract has been impossible, and though there have been, of course, some cases of willful neglect, much of it has been unavoidable. But the Commissioners have thus far taken care, and in future will take care, to provide, out of the first shipments of cotton, for the payment of the negroes in full, and security for their wages up to the first of February, 1863, when the leases expire. A draft, drawn by them, accompanies all the cotton shipped, and none can be shipped without their permit.

NEGRO LESSEES.

Fifteen plantations are leased to negroes, and as far as I can learn, the cotton on these is more abundant than on any of the others. One of these plantations is operated by two men, Sancho and Jackson, who employ fifty hands. They have done very well and will make about forty bales of cotton—worth $10,000. This will set them up for next year. Other negro lessees will make from five to twenty bales, by which they will net a snug sum. They feel very proud of their success, and are anxious to buy lands next year and own cotton farms of their own. They prefer to take small lots and employ only a few hands. The general rule is, that negroes are very hard on those of their own race who are under them, but if it be correct, the case of Sancho and Jackson is an exception, for the hands employed by them are perfectly satisfied. On some of the other plantations where they have been well treated, the negroes are so well satisfied with their lot, that they are anxious to remain with the same employer next year, and go wherever he goes. Though high wages are low, and are content to work at that price rather than not work at all. On other plantations where they have been neglected, ill fed and not paid regularly, they are dissatisfied and complain very bitterly. Of course you cannot make honest men, nor can you by any system banish oppression and injustice from the world. Some men will be scoundrels in spite of all that can be done.

THE DISADVANTAGES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS

Under which both planters and negroes have labored during the past season, have been so overwhelming that it is a wonder that anything at all has been accomplished. In the first place, work was begun late. Plowing should have been commenced in February. Nothing was done until late in April, and much of the cotton did not come up until June. In the second place, the army worm was very destructive. Hundreds and hundreds of acres have been destroyed. I have ridden for miles through cotton fields on which not a green leaf was to be seen. In the third place, the rebels made a very extensive raid on the 28th of June, which had the effect to break up and disorganize everything. Planters and negroes ran away, and some of them have not been heard of since. They may be running yet for aught anyone can tell. The guerillas burned the quarters and gin houses of some of the finest plantations, and destroyed all the cotton they could. But the property they could destroy was of little account compared to the fright they created and the great scare which took entire possession of nearly everybody for fifty miles around. A few planters staid at home, and where the planter staid his negroes staid with him. A few negroes also remained to look after their crops, and they have been richly repaid for their courage and good sense. But nearly everybody "skedaddled" in the most ridiculous manner. Now, it happened most unfortunately that the time when this panic occurred was a critical period of the growth of the cotton. A week's neglect ruined it, and allowed grass and weeds to grow so luxuriantly that the cotton was literally crushed out of existence. The plow and the hoe would have prevented this. There are hundreds of acres planted in cotton, where you may see a few scattering plants, a foot or so in height, peeping up amid the thick, bushy grass that surrounds them, and they are all that remain of cotton fields that, but for the neglect, would have been worth many thousands of dollars. We can now see that this neglect should never have happened, but it is much easier to criticise these things after we have had time to reflect and to learn all the circumstances, than it is to prevent them. Anybody can find fault, but few have the nerve and the sagacity to act with judgment in sudden emergencies. Nothing but the inherent strength of the system saved it; and this strength consisted in the investment of private capital, the refusal of all aid from the government, except such military protection as the exigencies of the service would permit and the enormous value of the crop to be raised.

This raid was mischievous in other respects. It created a feeling of insecurity and necessarily had a bad effect on the negroes, and upon their disposition to labor. They felt unsettled and timorous. Then, every planter makes a poor mouth about "the raid." "He would have made a fortune, but now he is going to lose all he has invested." Some of the rascals are making this an excuse for not paying their negroes promptly and feeding them well, when the truth is there is not one of them who will not more than clear himself, while many will make handsome sums of money. But there is no denying that an enormous amount of property was destroyed, and some of the planters have really been unable to meet their obligations, when if there had been no disturbances, and no army worm, they would have been in much better condition.

There is and has been a great deal of discontent and grumbling among all classes, and there has also been a great deal of suffering. Scarcely any of the negroes on the plantations hereabouts were raised in this immediate part of the country. All have come from Mississippi and from the back country. Perhaps the most marked trait in the negro character is his love of home and of the localities to which he is accustomed. They all pine for their homes. They long for the old quarters they have lived in, for the old woods they have roamed in, and the old fields they have tilled. The surgeons in charge of contraband camps tell me that a great many of them actually die from home-sickness, or, in scientific language, nostalgic. They get thinking of their old homes, and if they have left their families, or any part of them behind, they long to see them, and so they become depressed in spirits and yield readily to the first attack of disease, or succumb to the depression alone. The negroes here are at work and earning wages, and they are not so liable to sickness, but many of them when they first came were compelled to lie for several days on the levee in the cold and rain. There was no shelter for them. They came by hundreds to seek the protection of our troops. Many of them necessarily died from exposure, and the memory of those days of suffering and death still lingers among them. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that there should be a great deal of discontent and complaint among the negroes. They are in a strange place among strangers. They are unsettled, and know not where they may be the next year. They are uncertain of their future, and I have been surprised beyond measure at the pertinacity, the hopefulness, and the determination that exists among them. The very fact that they have existed during this season and made such progress in fitting themselves for a state of freedom is proof conclusive of an energy, a vitality, and a strength of character that very few people, either North or South, ever supposed they would exhibit.

THE RESULTS

Of this whole plantation system may be summed up in very few words. First, it has been proved that the negro will work for wages, and, even in the face of the most discouraging disasters, make great profits both for himself and his employers. Second, it has been proved that Northern men, who know nothing about cotton planting, but who have ordinary business capacity and perseverance, can take plantations and carry them on just as profitably, and even more so, than ever was done before. At the present prices of cotton there is enormous wealth in all this country if it can only be brought out. California never produced $250 a year to the acre. This country can do it and will do it for every acre that is tilled and carefully cultivated. The present system of labor produces more than the system of slavery did, and it is entirely free from the danger of interruption and the expense that attended slavery.

What more can be asked? Is not the future of this country written down in these two facts? The soldiers of the army who have marched from Cairo to Natchez are fascinated by the country they have passed over. The delicious climate, the fruitful soil and the valuable crops that it will produce, are enough to excite the ambition and enlist the energies of any one. Northern men, and they alone can manage the negroes, who will not work for their old masters, nor under their old overseers. Those who have been accustomed to the negro in a state of slavery are utterly unfitted to manage him in a state of freedom. They cannot, by any possibility, bring themselves into that state of feeling toward them that is necessary to their management. They look upon them as "niggers," and cannot conceive of their having rights like the rest of mankind. This feeling of contempt the negro perceives by an unerring instinct, and he will never trust any man that he believes entertains the old feelings toward his race. This has been proved in many instances, and there is no doubt about it.

There are, therefore, the greatest inducements for farmers and capitalists, both large and small, to emigrate from the North and occupy the banks of the Mississippi River. There is an abundance of abandoned land; they can protect themselves against guerillas, and at the same time protect the commerce of the river. They can obtain all the labor they are able to pay for, and if they have only their own hands, they can earn a good deal more than any crop in the North could possibly pay them. They will receive every encouragement from the government, and all the protection consistent with the exigencies of the service. They will be allowed to arm their own negroes, and by so doing can combine together and organize a resident army all along the banks of the river. No guerillas will ever attack them when they learn that they are armed and on the watch, except in such force that their approach could easily be made known in time to make preparations for defence. If the real state of things in this country could be known, I believe the whole farming population of the North would flock here *en masse*. The same people that were willing to risk their lives and fortunes on the plains of the West and among the golden sands of California will be only too glad to try their luck on the cotton and sugar plantations of the South.

[illegible] single letter one-half of the information I have gained in my visit to this place. I have only endeavored to show the practical operation of the system that has been inaugurated here by the government, and show how the negroes work as freedmen, and further to indicate what appears to be the probable future of the country under the changed conditions which have been brought about by the rebellion and the war. He who runs may read. There are more fortunes in the South than have ever been lost here, but it will take Northern enterprise and Northern energy to make them. J. A. W.

FREEDOM IN LOUISIANA.

APPEAL AND STATEMENT OF THE ACCREDITED AGENT OF "THE FREE-STATE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF LOUISIANA."

To all Whom it May Concern:

THE Free-State General Committee of Louisiana numbers sixty-four members, appointed and elected by the various Union Associations of New Orleans and other parishes. The Committee has a fixed basis of representation of the numerical strength of the Association, and will increase in numbers as Associations in parishes not yet represented come forward. The method adopted is the only one, under existing circumstances, by which the people can be effectually reached, their wishes and sentiments made known and carried into practical effect. It is just to all concerned and entirely safe; by it the true status of the people is easily discovered and prompt action had. No one is admitted to membership in the Committee who does not, in addition to being a citizen of the United States, bind himself, by his signature to a solemn oath, administered by the President, to do all in his power to aid in bringing about a civil Free-State government in Louisiana, loyal to the government of the United States.

The Committee propose a Convention, fresh from the people, at the earliest practicable period, to frame a new Constitution, at once and forever prohibiting and excluding slavery, or forced labor, from Louisiana except for crime.

The Convention is to be convoked as soon as an understanding is had by the people with each other, and they shall demand it. The odious Constitution of 1852, made exclusively by and for slaveholders, designedly depriving the masses of a just and equitable representation, to maintain supreme control over non-slaveholders, is unfit to be the law of a State in which equal rights, freedom to all, the greatest good to the largest number, is the recognized basis of organic and all other just laws.

Sooner than submit to the old order of things, under the Constitution of 1852, not made by nor for the people, as an alternative or choice of evils, we prefer keeping the State under a military tutelage for an indefinite period of time.

The Committee has submitted its plans, origin, mode of operating, and end sought to be obtained, to the government at Washington, to Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf, and to His Excellency Gen. George F. Shepley, Military Governor of the State. From this, it is understood that all authorities having, directly or indirectly, jurisdiction in Louisiana are properly informed and cognizant of all the movements of the Committee in its efforts to restore a civil government, through the people, the only proper channel, in the manner and with such a Constitution as before described.

The more effectually, and so far as possible, to exclude from the ballot-box those who are, by treason, disfranchised, a system of registration is adopted in the parishes, and only such as give evidence of undoubted loyalty, exhibiting a certificate of registration, will be permitted to vote. By this means, it is hoped and believed that an expression of loyal sentiment can be secured untrammelled by the votes of rebels, and Louisiana reëstablish her lawful allegiance as a loyal, free State. In the absence of official statistical information as to the comparative proportion between slaveholders and non-slaveholders, resort is had to other apparently reliable data, which place it thus: Total white population prior to the rebellion, 357,000; Slaveholders, 16,000; non-slaveholders, 341,000. *One slaveholder* to a fraction of over *twenty-two non-slaveholders!* Notwithstanding the great numerical disparity between the slaveholders and the non-slaveholders, all legislation was shaped with direct reference to the interest of the former and discouragement of the latter.

The slaveholding population, numerically so inconsiderable, had, while it remained loyal, the long end of the lever of constitutional power unjustly granted to it by the three-fifths clause. It has thrown off its only protection, and the weapon by which it defended the peculiar institution has fallen from its hands. While the Slave Power was loyal the contest was unjustly unequal in favor of that minority, now it is justly in the hands of the majority—the effect of their treason. The Slave Power, not content with the prerogative conferred on it, but aiming to extend its power, threw off its lawful allegiance to the United States, subjugated the people, and involved Louisiana in a vortex of revolution, disordering and deranging all the avenues of industry, commercial and social order, reducing the population of all castes to ruin and starvation. The slaveholder has shown by his acts that he regards the government of the United States as a mere fortuitous concourse of laws ushered into being by some mysterious contingency, existing like a volatile vapor, smoke, or etherial substance, that could be made to dissipate and vanish whenever the breath of treason should breathe upon it. The truly loyal man regards it as it is, a solid, vital, organic structure, originated by and deriving all its vitality, strength, support and endurance from the affections of the loyal multitude.

One of the peculiarities of our government is, that whereas it may increase its territorial area by new accessions, either by purchase or conquest, or both, it cannot permit one single inch to pass away by treasonable secessions without disturbing the equilibrium, and jeopardizing the whole. The Federal government is the centre of gyration; the States have rights, but they are local, negative and relative in character, not positive and sovereign, to act without restraint in all things. The States, like individuals, owe primary allegiance to the United States. Our government (and all others), like a millstone, has a centre, the States form the periphery; one fragment broken off unsettles the equilibrium, endangers the whole machinery, and may reduce it to anonenity.

Slavery being a local institution, and having forfeited its existence, by the treason of its admirers, the Free State men in Louisiana are determined that it shall never be restored to power; where individual cases of loyalty are proved, compensation should be made to the owner, but the institution, as such, must and will forever cease. We believe we have the unquestionable right to do so, and being so impressed will act accordingly.

It is said that Congress will finally settle the question for the States. We hope it has the right and power in this case to do so, and will act promptly in the matter, but we are not disposed to await the tedious and uncertain action of Congress. Louisiana is in a suffering condition; delay is suicidal to her; we prefer doing the work, clearly our duty, as soon as practicable, and presenting the State to Congress and the whole loyal people in such a manner as we are sure will not only be acceptable to them, but advantageous to the government of the United States and conducive to the best interests of Louisiana.

The slaveholder during his career under Confederate rule, was strong, loud, and bitter in his denunciations against the government, exerted his utmost efforts to destroy it, but, now that he has the only alternative between subjugation or annihilation, desires to return back as he was to his old position, negro and all. If he fails in that, his next overture will be Gradual Emancipation, determined to stick to his institution to the last gasp, "his ruling passion strong in death."

The Slave Power can never be trusted again.

Gradual Emancipation, if wise, however, or tolerated anywhere, under any circumstances, would not be so in Louisiana. The negro, in his transition from slavery to freedom, has experienced his worst condition, or is now in it. He has suffered and is now enduring untold misery; and from causes for which he is in no degree to be censured. The negro who is a slave for any period, long or short, is, during the term of that servitude, to all intents and purposes, as much a slave in the eye of the law, as if he was so for life. He has no appeal for abuse; he cannot give testimony against his white master; neither can any fellow-slave do so for him, and no white man is known to give evidence in favor of the slave against the master. The master, knowing that he has but a limited lease on the slave, may, if he will, feed and clothe him at the lowest possible expense, and endeavor to force from him as much service for the limited time he expected to obtain for the term of his life, and should he survive his servitude may be worn out, exhausted, decrepit, old, and unable to make his own support, and be thrown on the charity of the world.

To force the negro of Louisiana back again into slavery after what he has suffered, and is now suffering, when freed by the treason of his master, would effectually wither, sink, and deservedly damn, any State or Nation that would tolerate or countenance such a measure.

The negro is degraded—a necessary consequence of his condition—but, he is obedient, kind, easily governed, and capable of just such a degree of elevation as circumstances surrounding him enable or permit him to arrive at.

As to whether the negro will work when free, it is only a question with that class who desire to keep him a slave and be his master.

I am assured by planters who are now working their plantations with free colored labor, that, under all the embarrassments incident

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

slave structure rests; the Free-State movement there is the fire in the centre of the shell. Place Louisiana right and slavery will be impossible under any circumstances in any other State. Place Louisiana right and other States will soon become so. Place Louisiana right, then she may become the asylum for the contrabands of other States and find a *self-support* instead of being a burden, and of its being mere charity to save them from perishing, and prevent them being demoralized by indolence in future. While many are so liberally contributing to alleviate the distress of the destitute and suffering, and save them from perishing, all the effects of the disordered condition of things in the slave States, let others contribute something to remove the causes, for, after all, the only efficient remedy for those evils lies in settling the internal policy of those States so as to make the negro self-supporting, by making suitable laws for his government and protection.

The Free-State movement in Louisiana strikes directly at the root and causes of all the evils, sufferings and privations now taxing and likely to continue to tax the charities of the people for a long time to come unless the remedy is found.

The Free-State General Committee is sadly in need of the pecuniary means necessary to enable it to progress as rapidly as it should. Indeed, without assistance from somewhere, a Civil government cannot be established; money is indispensable in numerous ways. The Free-State men, as a mass, are poor, the war having made many of them so, while the Pro-Slavery men are rich, and hope, by their abundance, to circumvent and frustrate the designs of the Committee.

Any one who will reflect for a moment can understand how arduous must be the duties of the Committee. Obstacles are encountered at every step; but they must be surmounted and order restored where there is now comparative anarchy, except in so far as military law can do so. No advantage will accrue, no fewer obstacles present themselves by deferring to a future time their Free-State movements and a Civil government; on the contrary, they will increase.

The President of the Committee, Thomas J. Durant, Esq., is one of the most accomplished gentlemen and eminent counsellors in the State—so considered by his bitterest political enemies.

The Secretary, James Graham, Esq., is United States Marshal of Louisiana—a man of rare talents, generous, and devoted to the Free-State movement.

The Treasurer, Edward Heath, Esq., is a merchant of New Orleans, eminently suited to the position.

These three men are well known in Louisiana, and enjoy the confidence of all who know them.

The Free-State General Committee is the instrument to bring about a civil government in Louisiana; its members are familiar with the feelings and wants of the people, and it is the only body of men there entitled to the confidence of people like-minded. Louisiana is suffering all the horrors of civil war—the Commanding General and Military Governor can only relieve and partially remove, they cannot do more—the only permanent efficient remedy for the people is in a civil Free-State government. To accomplish this great end the Committee appeal for assistance; their condition compels them to do so; for the demon of destruction, war, and civil strife, has unsettled the people and burst asunder the bonds of social order; the people now float about like a weed upon the bosom of the deep, drifted by winds and circumstances over which they have no control.

This condition of things may suit the speculating politician, but all right minds prefer a civil to a military government based on justice and civil law, and the attainment of moral excellence by the people to the acquisition of individual opulence and political fame. It is to place the love of justice and social kindness above personal preëminence and usurped advantages of every kind; it is to prefer the welfare of mankind to self-elevation, and a life of useful industry and contentment to that of selfish ambition.

(Accredited.) ALFRED DAVIS,
Agent of the Free-State General Committee of Louisiana, Box 1399 P. O. Philadelphia, 1863.

P. S.—Mr. William Struthers has consented to act temporarily as Receiver of Funds for the Free-State General Committee of Louisiana, his place of business being 1022 Market street.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY AT PHILADELPHIA.

From The Tribune, Dec. 8.

THIRTY years ago to-day, a few men met in Philadelphia to form the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Convention was not only small in numbers, but with rare exceptions its members were unknown beyond their own neighborhoods. The most conspicuous were the Rev. Beriah Green, then recently Professor of Sacred Literature in Western Reserve College; Lewis Tappan, an enterprising merchant of this city; John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, then as now the editor of the Boston *Liberator*; Dr. A. L. Ott, a skilful physician of this city; Samuel J. May and Amos A. Phelps, clergymen of Massachusetts; William Goodell, then editor of *The Genius of Temperance*; Elizur Wright, Jr., since known as the translator of La Fontaine; the Rev. S. S. Jocelyn of this city, and Dr. E. A. Atlee and J. Miller McKim of Philadelphia. The Convention numbered 62 persons from 10 States. Rev. Beriah Green officiated as President, and Messrs. Tappan and Whittier as Secretaries. A Declaration of Principles and Purposes, from the emphatic and eloquent pen of Mr. Garrison, was adopted, and "The American Anti Slavery Society," based on the doctrine of immediate emancipation without expatriation, organized. The officers of the Society were then chosen. Its President was Arthur Tappan, the senior partner of one of our oldest mercantile firms, and widely known for his munificent contributions to the religious and benevolent institutions of the country. Among its other officers were Samuel Fessenden, the head of the Maine bar, and the father of the present able Senator in Congress from that State, the Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, Professors Fitch and Ives of Yale College, Benjamin Lundy, one of the earliest Anti Slavery pioneers, Joshua Leavitt, the editor successively of the New York *Evangelist*, *The Emancipator* and *The Independent*, Professor Shepard of Bangor Theological Seminary, Theodore D. Weld, and Ellis Gray Loring, David Lee Child, and Samuel E. Sewall, members of the Boston bar. Looking confidently into the Future, the Declaration of the Convention, signed by all its members, proclaimed: "Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles never. Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph." In a sketch of the proceedings of the Convention, a leading delegate, through an Anti-Slavery periodical, said: "The members of the Convention and their associates will never cease from their labors till their cause is triumphant. The God of Truth and Justice is with them, and will finally prevail."

No reflecting man can doubt that the historian of the conflict between Freedom and Slavery which has convulsed this nation for the last thirty years, will assign a very important part in the great movement to the Society whose organization we have briefly sketched. From the start, it entered upon its seemingly almost hopeless work with an energy and a will that nothing could discourage or dismay. In the language of Mr. Garrison, "it *would* be heard."

Its first battle was for freedom of speech and the press. And, in the face of riots and Lynchings, and murders even, and while its meetings were broken up by mobs, and its presses thrown into rivers, and its orators and editors shut up in prisons or shot down at their posts, it fought out this fight during five or six years with a persistency and a courage which have few parallels in the annals of progress and reform. The heroism of this small body of proscribed men and women wrung plaudits from their opponents. The late William Leggett wrote of them twenty-eight years ago:—"It would seem as if God had winnowed the population of the country to select a choice few whom nothing can drive from the exercise of their right to discuss the question of slavery." Commenting upon the anti-abolition riots that disgraced this city in 1834, during which the house of Lewis Tappan was sacked and his furniture reduced to ashes, Mr. Charles King, then editor of the New York *American*, said, "Fire cannot burn their convictions out of these men." Nor did it! Unseduced by blandishments and undeterred by violence, the Abolitionists kept straight on, urging their obnoxious doctrines upon public attention, not always in the mildest terms nor with the sweetest temper, but with stern facts and sturdy arguments, until they compelled the nation to stand still and listen.

Mingling with this contest for free speech and free printing, though initiated at a little later period in the conflict, was the memorable struggle for the right of petition. In 1835 and 1836, the Anti-Slavery societies began to petition Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the inhibition of the inter-State slave trade, and kindred measures. Though few at the outset, the number of petitioners swelled during the next two or three years till it reached in one Congress three-fourths of a million. It would belie obvious facts to call all these petitioners "Abolitionists." In the defense of the right of petition, as also that of the freedom of speech and the press, it became evident to considerate men that not alone was the right to discuss and petition in regard to slavery involved, but that vital constitutional principles were at stake, and that these must be defended against their assailants, irrespective of the merits of the particular subject over which the battle was waged, or the popularity or prestige of the persons whose privileges were put in peril.

It was upon these broad grounds that the venerable John Quincy Adams early became the champion of freedom of debate and the right of petition in the House of Representatives, where, for twelve years, he grappled with the Slave Power, making not America only, but the civilized world, resound with the clash of the conflict. Doubtless posterity will regard this as the most honorable and brilliant chapter in the long and eventful life of this extraordinary man. The service he rendered to the cause of Freedom during these years was of incalculable value. The exalted positions he had held, his multifarious learning, his world-wide renown, lent lustre to the cause, while his exhaustless resources, his skill in debate, his dauntless courage and indomitable will, were a tower of strength to its friends, and a never-failing source of mortification and discomfiture to its foes.

The freedom of speech and of debate, and the right of petition, had hardly been secured, before the subject of the annexation of Texas, and the consequent enlargement of the area of slavery arrested the public attention. While thousands of our best and wisest men of all creeds and parties early took alarm at this at tempt to commit the country to a policy of aggression upon the rights of foreign States, it is due to truth to say that the Abolitionists and their immediate coadjutors were the only classes who resisted annexation upon purely anti-slavery grounds. This contest, opening in 1837, continued with occasional lulls until the Presidential campaign of 1844, when it largely mingled in the discussions of the two parties that divided the country, the conspirators against national honor achieving a triumph in the election of James K. Polk over Henry Clay.

It was now eleven years since the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. During this period kindred societies had been organized in every considerable town and village in the free States, whose members numbered scores of thousands. These associations had employed hundreds of agents, who had traversed the country delivering addresses in all the principal centres of population. They had established newspapers in all the Northern States, and had circulated pamphlets and tracts by the million. Not only had they petitioned Congress, but they had beseiged the Legislatures of the free States, demanding that they themselves memorialize Congress in behalf of Emancipation, and protest against the abridgment of the right of debate and petition, and the annexation of Texas to the Union. Vermont and Massachusetts responded favorably to their demands in 1837, and other States subsequently copied their example, till at one period the Legislature of every State not hopelessly bound in the fetters of a pro-slavery democracy spoke words more or less emphatic for the slave and his champions. The Abolitionists had also made their power felt at the ballot-box, either by voting for the most acceptable candidates of the Whig and Democratic parties, or by bringing out candidates of their own. Their principles had likewise made a strong lodgment in the leading religious denominations of the country. Indeed, at the period of the inauguration of Mr. Polk, and the consequent consummation of the Texas villainy neither House of Congress, no State Legislature, no ecclesiastical body, no educational Convention, no benevolent society, no political assemblage, could meet without finding itself launched upon a wide sea of discussion concerning slavery. The most superficial observer could not fail to see, nor the most indifferent spectator to feel, that the principles of the Abolitionists, after passing through the ordeal of long years of reproach and persecution, had taken fast hold upon the intellect and conscience of great masses of the American people.

The annexation of Texas was followed by the Mexican war, which brought in its train large accessions of territory. The whole nation was now compelled to stand face to face with the long dreaded and much avoided subject of slavery. Congress and the country were convulsed. The greatest minds of the time were forced to grapple with the agitating theme. The discussion summoned to the forum the loftiest statesmanship. It sent to the closet the ripest scholarship. It levied contributions upon the eloquence, the learning, the genius of the Senate, the Synod and the School, until all ranks and conditions of men were involved in the agitation.

After the advent of the Wilmot Proviso in 1847–8, the slavery agitation passed beyond the pale of the Abolitionists. Yet, from that important epoch onward till secession reared its treasonable crest, not a fundamental argument was employed against slavery, nor a vital principle enunciated, nor a sound view of the Constitution exhibited, nor an important fact presented, nor a prime objection answered, nor a glowing appeal in behalf of liberty uttered, which had not been previously employed, enunciated, exhibited, presented, answered, and uttered by the Abolitionists. So true is this, that to minds familiar with the anti-slavery literature of the era, the speeches and prelections of those statesmen and orators who, for the last twelve or fifteen years have fulmined in the Senate and on the rostrum, while spurning the imputation of being "Abolitionists," have seemed to be but the cast-off robes, furbished up for the occasion, of the very class whom they affected to repudiate if not despise.

During the Wilmot Proviso struggle, and its closely-following contest over the compromise measures of 1850, the radical anti-slavery politicians of the country organized the Free-Soil party, the voting Abolitionists generally rallying to its support. Four years later, the Slave Power dictated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which speedily bore its natural fruit in the raids and rascalities, the frauds and felonies perpetrated in Kansas. These crimes stimulated to action the spirit of Northern freemen. They combined to resist these outrages upon Liberty and Law, and gave body and form to their determination by organizing the Republican party. At the election of 1856 the Slave Oligarchy triumphed, and triumphed, thank God, for the last time in a Presidential contest. Not heeding the ominous gathering in the Northern skies, the conspirators celebrated their triumph by endeavoring to sacrifice Human Freedom on the altar of the Dred Scott infamy, and to crucify Representative government on the Lecompton swindle. The sequel is known. The Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country was equal to the exigency. It consolidated its ranks. Douglas revolted, split the Democracy in twain, and Abraham Lincoln took the Presidential chair.

Throughout the series of great events we have noticed, the course of the Abolitionists was marvelously direct and straightforward. They aimed their blows right at the core of slavery, denouncing it as a sin whose only appropriate remedy was immediate and unconditional repentance. When the whole country was convulsed, when the mutterings that made the continent tremble, this small band of reformers pursued their line of policy with a directness that finds its fitting illustration in the parallel of latitude which crosses wide oceans, climbs high mountains, penetrates deep valleys, and traverses broad plains, without variableness or shadow of turning. Yet, notwithstanding this, it requires no spirit of divination to perceive that the organization of the Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and the election of a Republican President in 1860, bear to each other the relation of remote cause and ultimate effect.

We utter no eulogium upon the Abolitionists. Posterity will do them justice, awarding praise and blame with impartial hand. Like other reformers, some of them have sometimes been impatient if not intolerant of those who were less quick to see, less keen to feel, less prompt to act, than themselves. Their great work hastens to completion. We venture the prediction that if any of those who aided in forming the Society of 1833 shall live till a third of a century shall have passed since that event, they will greet a day whose rising sun will not shed his beams upon a single negro slave in all our broad land.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From The Philadelphia Press, Dec. 3.

MR. GARRISON was not mobbed last night. Vitriol was not scattered through the audience. Stones were not dashed through the windows. Yet, Mr. Garrison said that the execution of John Brown was a horrible murder, and uttered the boldest, most uncompromising anti slavery opinions. He was not even hissed; on the contrary, he was welcomed and interrupted by applause, and throughout his fine speech had the sympathies and respect of his hearers. What has happened to Philadelphia that in three years she has been thus transformed? What spell of eloquence has Mr. Garrison wrought, that he, who twenty years ago nearly lost his life in the streets of Boston for declaring slavery to be a crime; who, up to 1861, was unjustly branded as a traitor and an atheist, should now be acknowledged as one of the truest of Americans? He has wrought no spell but that of truth; he is not eloquent as Brutus is, and speaks with no more power than of old. It is the South that has wrought the revolution, and the treason of the slaveholder has at last vindicated the loyalty of the Abolitionist.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

From The Philadelphia Press, Dec. 4.

THE anti-slavery meeting yesterday looked to the past, rather than the future, and considered not so much the work which remained to do, but that which has already been done. And truly, the Abolitionists may fight their long battle of thirty years over again with pride; they may rejoice in their victory, remembering, too, with modesty, that it was not won by their efforts alone, but with the very valuable assistance of slavery itself.

Yet, though it is true that because of the persistent efforts of the Abolitionists, and the slaveholders' rebellion, the North is now so thoroughly abolitionized that the pro-slavery party is in a contemptible minority, the victory is not complete, even in the loyal States. Justice has been done to slavery, but not to the class which slavery oppresses. The colored man of the North has still rights which are to be recognized, and the men who in 1833 declared the wrongs of slavery, must now, in 1863, begin a new crusade for the rights of Freedom.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—Gen. Wadsworth's report of his tour of inspection in the West will afford fresh proofs of the capacity of the freedmen of the Mississippi valley to take care of themselves, to make the plantations more productive than when they were tilled by slaves, and to fight for their country. Gen. Wadsworth concludes, from a personal examination of all the plantations and camps on the Mississippi, that everything is working as well as could reasonably be expected by those who consider the necessary evils incident to the suddenness of the radical change in the social system of the South, and the neglect and exposure from which the freedmen necessarily suffer upon their first arrival in the depots. The plantations on the Lower Mississippi are more productive than those above, because they have been less troubled by guerillas, and been longer in operation. One sugar plantation in Louisiana will net $30,000 to the government this year, and a number of the cotton plantations have been almost equally successful. Energetic and humane men could lease this land to great advantage. The colored troops were found to be of excellent quality, but their officers were not uniformly men of the right stamp, and did not always take pains to teach their men the drill. With very few exceptions the men are treated well by the officers and soldiers of the white regiments with whom they are brought in contact.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

GENERAL MEAGHER, who was with the army as a visitor to his old brigade, was captured, in citizen's clothes, near Mine Run, during the recent engagement, and is now in the hands of the rebels.

COMMEMORATION OF THE THIRD DECADE.

ACCORDING to previous announcement, the Thirtieth Anniversary of the founding of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was duly celebrated at Philadelphia on Thursday and Friday, the 3d and 4th inst. In lieu of a detailed report of the proceedings, which will hereafter appear, our readers must be content with a rough-drawn sketch of the occasion, to whose complete felicity scarce anything seemed wanting. The weather, during both the days, was moderate, the skies gracious and sunshine ample. The commodious Concert Hall was handsomely filled at every session, and on the evening of Friday was tried to its utmost capacity. In the audience were gathered together the friends of the cause, from the great city itself, from the adjacent Counties, and from far-distant States; and so many familiar faces were there that, as Mr. Tilton justly remarked, one felt less as if in a public assembly than in a family re-union. Add to this the good behavior of all chance spectators, the exceeding hospitality of the various anti-slavery families in and about the city, and the courteous treatment and generous reports of the Philadelphia press, and you have the highly favorable conditions for a most successful Convention.

The morning session of Thursday was opened with prayer by the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse which was followed by the reading of a part of the numerous letters from friends who were unable to respond in person to the invitations to be present. Of these the most interesting, in an historical point of view, was the letter from the venerable Arthur Tappan, the first President of the Society, formerly of New York, but now of New Haven; a name never to be forgotten by the Abolitionist or by the slave. Touching words came also from the Hon. Samuel Fessenden, of Maine, whose eyes, dimmed with years, forbid him to witness the jubilee which to his spiritual vision is already in prospect. Affectionate remembrance of the past and timely counsel for the present and future were sent by the poet Whittier, and from Giddings, Lovejoy, Gratz Brown, and Sumner came greeting, gratitude and cheer. Other letters not here mentioned were read to the general acceptance, and still a large number remained for subsequent publication. Next in order was the reading of the Declaration of Sentiments by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, who performed the task assigned him in a most beautiful manner, leaving only with the audience the regret that his own remarks were not more extended. The President, Mr. Garrison, brought the session to a close by a speech in harmony with the religious feeling of the meeting, mingling thanksgiving with renewed inspiration to courage and action. On the platform, from the first, in living testimony of the progress which the anti-slavery cause has made, sat a squad of noble-looking colored soldiers from the neighboring Camp Wm. Penn. "Sir," said Dr. Furness to the President, "had this scene risen before you as a prophecy in 1833, you would have interpreted it to mean an insurrection of the slaves, in which you were surrounded by them for protection."

The first speaker in the afternoon was J. Miller McKim, who, in compliance with a request, indulged in some very entertaining reminiscences of persons and incidents connected with the meeting at which the Society was formed. Lucretia Mott arose to explain her own position on that occasion, and to account for the fact that no women appended their signatures to the Declaration. Her remarks were very valuable as showing how little the rights of her sex were either claimed or appreciated at that period in the cause. The history of the women's anti-slavery societies was admirably traced in a paper read by Miss Mary Grew. Mr. May, of Syracuse, following the example of Mr. McKim, proceeded to relate some of his reminiscences also, which were equally well received, and whose genial humor quickly pervaded the entire audience, so that platform and house seemed animated as with a single spirit. In connection with the name of Arthur Tappan, Mr. May narrated briefly the case of Prudence Crandall, of Connecticut, who was imprisoned for teaching colored children in the same school with white, and who was sustained in a judicial trial of her rights by the unstinted liberality of Mr. Tappan. An interesting episode occurred during this session from the introduction of a genuine slave auction-block, a trophy of Alexandria, which was used while the Convention lasted as a desk in the service of universal emancipation.

Though the evening meeting of Thursday was omitted in order not to interfere with Mr. Beecher's address at the Academy of Music, an informal gathering took place in the Concert Hall, at which Mr. Burleigh among others occupied the floor. In recognition of this omission, Mr. Beecher appeared upon the platform on Friday morning, and made the opening remarks, which were well responded to. On the motion of Stephen Foster, for the accommodation of the many who desired to be heard, the speakers were limited to the space of fifteen minutes; and under this rule in quick succession were delivered speeches by H. C. Wright, Orson S. Murray, Mr. Foster, Mr. Burleigh, A. M. Powell, Lucretia Mott, Samuel May, Jr., Abby Kelley Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone, Col. Wagner (commandant at Camp Wm. Penn), Oliver Johnson, Andrew T. Foss and Samuel J. May. These severally inclined to and advocated the hopeful or despondent view of "the situation," according as thanksgiving for the past tempered the just fears for the future. The Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts early took his seat upon the platform amid the most hearty applause. A collection taken while the meeting was in progress amounted to between two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars, which was certainly a very handsome and creditable donation from a mixed assembly.

The lengthy morning session had reached from 10 till 2, and every one sought refreshment between that and the hour of 7, at which the evening meeting was to begin. The hall was promptly filled with an intelligent audience, even the aisles being appropriated for standing room. Robert Purvis was the first to speak, and with deep feeling, yet great magnanimity, referred to the past wrongs under which he, in common with his race, had labored, while in contrast he drew from the hereafter a picture of consolation and hope. Theodore Tilton vindicated from his lineage his claims to stand, a young man, upon a platform white with hoary hairs. He related the experience in a slave-auction at Richmond which first settled his convictions in opposition to slavery, and expressed his gratitude and that which was due the Abolitionists from the nation, for their faithful adherence to the principles which are to save us in the present conflict. The speech of Senator Wilson was worthy of one who has ever had the sagacity and the heart to identify himself with the cause of emancipation. When he modestly, but proudly, alluded to his share in framing the bill which abolished slavery in the District, three cheers were proposed for him and enthusiastically given. At the close of his earnest address he withdrew from the hall, in order to pass on that night directly to Washington, and there to make good, during the present session of Congress, his open consecration to the utter overthrow of slavery. It is no disparagement to any other speaker of the meeting to say that the master effort of the evening, if not of the Convention, was the speech of Frederick Douglass. It was an able, graphic, truthful exposition of the dangers before us, and of the work to be done. There was no unnecessary despondency; a just allowance was made for all that has been accomplished; but the causes of our national peril in the coming year were sagaciously discovered and forcibly descanted upon. Mr. Douglass spoke as in his palmiest days, subjecting his hearers to his eloquence, pathos and inimitable humor. His words were worthy of the intellect and the lips of any man in America. Mr. Garrison sketched briefly the connection of George Thompson, of England, with the anti-slavery struggle in this country, and in view of his approaching visit offered a resolution of cordial welcome. Mr. G. also paid a just tribute to the memory of Benjamin Lundy; and acknowledged his indebtedness to that noble pioneer in the cause of the slave's redemption. A short but spirited appeal from Miss Anna Dickinson terminated a meeting which, for variety of talent, sincerity of utterance, and power of eloquence, is rarely equalled, and will long be remembered by those whose good fortune it was to be present and to listen.

Such is the hurried outline of two memorable days. The lesson of the Convention was encouragement and work. Perhaps a sixth of the original signers of the Declaration of Sentiments were present—monuments of the triumph of faith over all the powers of iniquity. Take the retrospect, aspect and prospect together, compare with these the incredibly short space of time in which slavery has been confronted and now almost demolished, and it will be seen that the Anti-Slavery Society has had, besides its proper mission to this country, another to the world, to all mankind. As the Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke remarked in his letter, every solitary soul setting out hereafter with God against any evil, will derive lofty cheer and absolute confidence from the history of the Abolitionists in America.

If there was any drawback to the roundness and symmetry of the late occasion, it was to be found in the absence of those who are inseparably connected with the anti-slavery movement, but whose ability to be present was not equal to their desire. Such faces as those of Edmund Quincy and Parker Pillsbury were sorely missed among the faithful laborers grouped about the platform, while every one regretted the compulsory non-attendance of a representative man like Wendell Phillips, whose wonderful gift of oratory could hardly have been better employed than in capping the celebration of our Thirty Years' War against slavery. The hope, fondly indulged by many, that Gerrit Smith would gladden all hearts by his presence on an occasion of so much interest and importance, was disappointed, poor health having confined him to his house for several weeks.

The proceedings, phonographically reported by H. M. Parkhurst, will be published (commencing next week) in THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*, and afterwards in pamphlet form.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held in Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, on Saturday, Dec. 6, 1863.

The President, JAMES MOTT, was in the chair. Edw. M. Davis and Mary Grew were appointed Secretaries of the meeting.

On motion, the following persons were appointed a Committee to prepare business for the meeting, and to nominate officers for the ensuing year:

Edward M. Davis, Thomas Garrett, Chandler Darlington, Isaac Winslow, Oliver Johnson, Robert Purvis, and Mahlon B. Linton.

Among the visitors from other States present were Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Helen E. Garrison, Samuel May, Jr., Sarah Russell May, Stephen Foster, Abby K. Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Theodore Tilton, Frederick Frothingham, Levi Coffin, of Ohio, and Saml. D. Moore, of Michigan.

Susan B. Anthony addressed the Society upon the subject of memorializing Congress in behalf of the universal abolition of American slavery, mentioned the petitions circulated by the Women's Loyal League, and urged the importance of industry and zeal in the work of procuring signatures.

Lucretia Mott spoke briefly on the same subject, appealing to the children of Abolitionists to take hold of this work, and to combine with it the circulation of anti-slavery tracts and papers.

Rev. Mr. Hall rose in the audience, and requested to make a contribution of money to aid this work, on behalf of an absent son, now in the army, who had had the satisfaction of arresting, as a traitor, the Judge who had condemned and sentenced John Brown.

Mr. McKim said that the Annual Report which, as Corresponding Secretary of the Society, it was his duty to make, must on this occasion be a verbal one. He had not had, for the past six weeks, a moment's time even to think of writing a report. His time, day and night, had been wholly engrossed by duties which would admit of no postponement.

The Society's course during the past year had been substantially the same as it had been in previous years. We had distributed publications gratuitously and by sale; had circulated petitions, helped to keep up and extend the subscription list of THE STANDARD, and had held some anti-slavery meetings. In this latter respect we had done less than in former years, partly because we had not lecturing agents at our command, and partly because there was less need of special effort by an especial class. We had the cöoperation now of scores of the ablest speakers in the country, not hitherto known as Abolitionists. At our late State election some forty or fifty of the most eloquent orators in the land had traversed the Commonwealth, throughout its entire length and breadth, denouncing slavery as the cause of the rebellion, as an evil in itself that ought to be abated, and demanding on these grounds the election of Governor Curtin and the defeat of his pro-slavery opponent.

In addition to these, anti-slavery documents of the most thorough character were scattered broadcast all over the State. "Pierce Butler's Slave Auction," originally published as an anti-slavery tract by the American Anti-Slavery Society, was reproduced by the Union League of this city, on handsome paper and in handsome type, and made to do double service; first, as a weapon against slavery, and second as an argument in favor of Curtin and the National government.

Extracts from Mrs. Kemble's "Life on a Georgia Plantation" were also published in pamphlet form, and, illustrated by a pictorial on the cover, of the "scarred bondman," were made to perform the same double duty.

In fact the Union League of this city—the origin and parent of all the Union Leagues in the country—had proved itself an anti-slavery body. It had raised funds for the cause of the "Union *and Liberty*, one and inseparable," by the hundreds of thousands of dollars. It had supported radical anti-slavery advocates of the Union; sending them not only through our own State, but across the line into the States of Maryland and Delaware, carrying the elections there in favor of the Union *and immediate and unconditional emancipation*.

The Freedmen's Association had been doing similar good work. At a meeting held in that Hall a few weeks before, presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter and addressed by Rev. Phillips Brooks and others, the burden of every speech was—the wrongs of the negro, the evil of slavery, the duty of the white man to liberate and elevate his down-trodden brother.

This Association, composed as it is of leading people in the city, was now at work raising $100,000 for the promotion of its object. With this money they proposed to relieve the physical distress among the blacks at the South, and to provide them with teachers, helpers, cooks, and all the appliances needed to induct a new-born nation into the blessings of civilization. The Association would, in the pursuit of its object, be holding meetings, issuing publications, and laboring in all proper ways to enlighten the public mind and consolidate public sentiment in favor of the hitherto neglected black man.

With such agencies at work for the promotion of our cause, not to mention numerous others of which all were aware, the Executive Committee had not thought it necessary to trouble themselves with efforts to put into the field those peculiar instrumentalities which in another state of things they had found so useful.

In fact, the Committee were of the opinion, that the period of their existence as a distinctive organization was nearly reached, and that Anti-Slavery Societies would now cease to be a necessity. Speaking for himself, Mr. McKim said, that in his judgment the time for disbanding was almost at the door. The American Society, in adopting the resolution which was offered in May last, to hold the Decade meeting, did so with the "hope," parenthetically inserted into the body of the resolve, that this would be their "last" anniversary. Mr. McKim did not want to be too confident, and would not assume to fix a date at which the Society should dissolve, but he did hope that at the meeting to be held next May it would see its way clear to "set its house in order."

Mr. McKim desired to repeat the wish he had expressed at the annual meeting in New York, viz: that when the time should be fully come when our existence as a Society would be no longer either necessary or expedient, we should be prompt to recognize that fact and to act accordingly; as we came into existence, so let us go out, deliberately, of purpose and with dignity. Don't let us dwindle—as other societies have done—into contemptible insignificance, growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." Let us dissolve, when we do dissolve, in a manner becoming the dignity of our object and the decorum of our origin.

The Abolitionists are—thank God!—no longer a peculiar people. "Other sheep have I, who are not of this fold." These thousands of men and women around us, though they have come in at the eleventh hour, are just as good Abolitionists as we are. Let us be among the first to recognize this fact and shape our course accordingly.

Mr. McKim said that the report of the Nominating Committee, which would now be made by Mr. Edward M. Davis, its chairman, would show that the officers of the Society for the ensuing year would probably be the same as last year, with a slight transposition. Benjamin C. Bacon, formerly a member of the Executive Committee, would be nominated for Corresponding Secretary, and J. M. McKim, giving place to Mr. Bacon, would be named as one of the members of the Executive Committee.

In explanation of this change Mr. McKim stated that, in his judgment, he could best perform the duty he had devoted himself to when he first entered upon the enterprise, by looking after the Freedmen. He would continue in membership and cooperation with the Society, but his views of duty would take him into another part of the common field. The abolition movement had entered upon a new phase. We had passed, or were passing, from the *destructive* into the *constructive* stage of our undertaking. At first our main duty was to "cry aloud and spare not"; now the time has come for us to "build the old waste places"; to be "repairers of the breach, restorers of the paths to dwell in."

In the meanwhile, however, the speaker said he would continue in fellowship and active cooperation with the Society. He would be a member of the Executive Committee, and it would be his pleasure, as it had always been, to work with that board and with his other fellow-members of the Society in keeping up the organization, in supporting the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD—never more worthy of support than now—and in doing whatever else might be needed to be done.

The Treasurer, Sarah Pugh, presented her Annual Report:

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in account with SARAH PUGH, *Treasurer.*

DR.

To Agent	$1,000 00
To Rent of Office	165 75
To Loan	400 00
To Tax on Legacy	25 00
To American A. S. Society	250 00
To American A. S. Society for "Standard"	1,746 67
To Sundries	526 58
Oct. 1st, '63, Balance in Treasury	155 50
	$4,269 50

CR.

Oct. 1st, 1862, By Balance in Treasury,	$40 00
By Ind. Subscriptions	1,130 00
By Isaiah Goldey, *Legacy*	1,000 00
By Henry Grew	250 00
By Sales	102 83
By Rec. for N. A. S. Standard	1,746 67
	$4,269 50

Oct. 1st, 1863. JAMES MOTT, Auditor.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, James Mott; Vice Presidents, Thomas Whitson, Robert Purvis; Recording Secretary, Edw. M. Davis; Corresponding Secretary, Benjamin C. Bacon; Treasurer, Sarah Pugh; Executive Committee, Lucretia Mott, J. Miller McKim, Mary Grew, Abby Kimber, Margaret J. Burleigh, and Simon Barnard.

This report was accepted and those officers were elected.

J. M. McKim's statement, that he could no longer perform the duties of the Corresponding Secretary of this Society, was received with regret; and his fellow laborers testified heartily and unanimously to the fidelity with which he had for many years filled that office in this Society. In reply to the hopes which he expressed, that the labors of Anti-Slavery Societies would not long be needed,

Lucretia Mott said that the need of such labors had not yet ceased; that the end of the conflict may not be so near as some suppose, and urged the importance of continued effort on the part of Abolitionists. She also made an appeal in behalf of the Freedmen.

Samuel May, Jr., made an earnest speech, warning the friends of the slave against the danger of laying aside their armor before the victory should be completely won. God's Providence would tell us when the hour arrived for the closing of our work. It had not come yet, and might not come for years. He would receive encouragement with thanksgiving; he exhorted to hopefulness, and to fidelity in continued labor unto the end. He regretted Mr. McKim's resignation of the Secretaryship.

George Sunter, of Canada, spoke briefly, inculcating the duty of vigilance.

Mrs. Mott spoke of the importance of remembering, now, the value of moral forces in effecting a reform; reminded Abolitionists that their weapons had been spiritual, and directed their attention to the victories which had been won in this cause by these weapons. She also exhorted to watchfulness over political parties, and to fear of compromise.

J. M. McKim spoke in explanation and justification of his action in entering a new field of labor for the slaves and the freedmen, wherein he expected to work not less, but more diligently, in the anti-slavery cause.

Jacob Paxson expressed his confident faith that the end of slavery is at hand. He spoke of the terrible instrumentalities which God is using for its destruction.

Oliver Johnson addressed the Society on the subject of the support of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and urged the members to exert their influence in maintaining and increasing its circulation.

Wm. Bradley, of the Freedmen's Association, made a few remarks, urging the claims of that Association.

Stephen S. Foster spoke with much earnestness on the duties of the present hour. He found no danger to the cause of liberty from without; its only real danger was from its friends. If they are faithful, it is safe. He exhorted to fidelity, and to fraternal love for all who are true to our cause.

Mary Cox made a few remarks.

Robert Purvis said that the spirit of slavery is still rampant among us. As an illustration of it, he mentioned the fact that a colored lady had been ejected from a car in Chestnut street on that morning.

Mary Grew spoke of the work which yet remained to be done, and of the purpose of this Society to perform its share of it. While Abolitionists might cheer themselves with the anticipation of the hour when they may say, "Now let thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," they would not put off their armor till the victory should be won.

The following persons were appointed a Committee on Finance:

Edward M. Davis, Thomas Garrett, Jacob Paxson, and Alice Jackson.

Theodore Tilton next addressed the meeting. He thought that the cause was growing broader, and that the only question was, *How* should we work?

Levi Coffin, of Ohio, was introduced to the meeting. He said that he had, perhaps, stolen more slaves than any man in America; thirty-three hundred having passed through his hands on their way to freedom; had been fed and protected by him, and not one of them had been recaptured and carried back into slavery.

Charles C. Burleigh said that he was looking not only into the living faces before him, but also upon a throng of other faces who once were before him in these assemblies, and who seemed to gather, in spirit, around us now. He paid an eloquent tribute to the fidelity and self-sacrificing zeal with which some of these fellow-laborers had toiled and battled side by side with us through many years. He discoursed on the sin of the nation and its legitimate consequences, and also argued the illegality of slavery in the rebel States.

Frederick Frothingham expressed the great pleasure which he felt, after his long absence in Europe, in being again in such an assembly. He spoke of the work to be done in this and in other lands; and testified to the love of freedom in the *heart* of the English people. He said that he was assured, again and again, in England, that the first sympathy of the people was with the North, in this contest; but that disavowal of any anti-slavery purpose on the part of government chilled that sympathy, and turned their hearts from us. England was not alone to blame for the disaffection towards us which had been created there. As our governmental policy became more and more anti-slavery in its character, their sympathies returned to us. There were hearts there that "watch, as they who watch for the morning," for signs of the triumph of Liberty in this land.

George A. Coffey, U. S. District Attorney, said he remembered a phrase which he always associated with the name of William Lloyd Garrison, viz., that the Constitution of the United States is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." He rejoiced that this was *no longer* true; and that by the decisions of the Courts there is now no constitutional difficulty in the way of the abolition of slavery. Slavery, by its own folly, had done this. He expounded the law relative to the *status* of the rebel States, asserting that they have no rights but the rights of the conquered.

Samuel May, J

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, 1863.

GEN. MEADE is not one of our *fighting* Generals, that is very certain, and when Gen. Hooker was displaced to make room for him a blunder was made by somebody. The President, I am inclined to think, was not the person principally instrumental in the removal of Hooker, though as Commander-in Chief he of course made the final decision. Gen. Halleck sought an opportunity to get rid of Hooker, and was hugely delighted with his impulsive resignation, and accepted it at once. In point of fact Hooker resigned the command, and yet in truth he was removed by Gen. Halleck. The President would not of himself have removed him, and I doubt if he would have accepted his resignation. But the General-in-Chief had no confidence in Hooker—the President had his doubts—and he went overboard.

I have returned to this old subject of contention simply because I have heard it reported that Gen. Hooker's friends are urging his reappointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac in the place of Meade—for it seems to be taken for granted that Gen. Meade will be removed. I *know* that his friends, some of them at least, are talking in his favor, but it seems to me without the slightest prospect of success. Gen. Hooker is perhaps to be preferred to Gen. Meade, but he is in his right position now. He is a glorious fighter, but should be under the watchful eye of such a leader as Grant. As a corps commander he has few equals, but he has not the brains requisite for the command of a great army. Meade possesses a stronger intellect, but he lacks just where Grant does not—*in pluck*. The President was not satisfied while Hooker was in command, and I hear is not satisfied now with Meade, and we may set it down as a certain thing that if Meade is removed Hooker will not be put in his place. The proposition will not bear the test of an examination for a moment. If Gen. Meade is removed (which is by no means certain yet), a new man will be brought forward, and it may be that a Western General will be called here to take the important command, though the ill success of this policy, as it was tried more than one year ago, was not encouraging. Gen. Pope might have preserved his reputation as a gallant soldier and a very able commander if he had remained in the West.

I trust that, before one of the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac is advanced to the position now filled by Gen. Meade, it will be ascertained whether the corps commanders did or did not urge the Commanding General to retreat without a battle. It is most positively asserted that two of the corps commanders did urge Gen. Meade to retreat. Of course it would be most unjust and impolitic to remove the latter because he did not fight, and put one of the former in his place.

The retreat of Gen. Meade means simply—Winter quarters. That is the sum and substance of the result, and there is nothing in it which should cause the slightest uneasiness. Our troops might have done better, to be sure, but no disaster has overtaken them, and they are ready for a renewal of the active contest with the enemy whenever a new General is allotted to them, and Spring comes with open weather and good roads.

This postponement of the campaign may be a good thing after all, and it is well to accept it as a providential interposition. Congress will legislate with the idea of war and not of peace. If Meade could have won as decisive a victory as Grant achieved at Chattanooga, it is not an improbable supposition that the rebellion would have collapsed before Congress had been in session a month. There is no such result, and the President must still recommend measures for carrying on the war. Congress must still vote supplies for the war, and whenever any disguised traitor like Fernando Wood or James Brooks argues for peace he must be voted down. A peace-argument is not in order till after the Army of the Potomac has won a decisive victory.

No doubt every lover of his country desires peace, and as speedily as possible, but it may be better for the vast interests of the nation to postpone the settlement of this stupendous controversy till it can be arranged upon terms consistent with absolute justice. In this view of the political situation Gen. Meade has done the cause service by his retreat. With good management the Spring campaign can be made to conclude the war. I have not a doubt of this. Let the Army of the Southwest be strengthened by at least a hundred thousand men. Let the Army of the Potomac be reënforced till it numbers one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and then give it a bold and wise commander, and the rebellion cannot stand up three months. Two such armies can annihilate it. Meantime, while the country awaits such a result, let Congress and the President prepare for the proper government of the recovered rebel States. Some plan must soon be adopted, for if we are successful in the Spring campaign, before Congress meets again this great question will be thrown suddenly upon the President at the close of his term of office.

The President has been severely ill with the varioloid for a fortnight, and it is impossible to ascertain what he is doing, or rather saying, in his message in reference to this question respecting the government of the rebel States when they come into our military possession. Before this is in print the message will be out, and I will not speculate upon its contents.

The dedication of the school-house and the "Home" of the Freedman's Village on Arlington Heights, on Thursday last, was a very interesting occasion. The day was fine, and a large number of people were present from Washington. One of the most curious features of the exercises was the fact that a class of men took a prominent part in the proceedings who five years ago were exceedingly conservative men upon the slavery question. These gentlemen are now staunch friends of the colored race, and are not afraid to indentify themselves with those philanthropic movements and enterprises which seek his happiness and comfort. It is the true policy to take these men by the hand, and thank them for their aid. Let us not look critically upon men who were pro-slavery a few years ago, if they will do their duty now. It is not unpleasant to know that the American Tract Society has charge of the religious and educational work in the Freedman's Village, for here at least its agents are not at all afraid to speak the truth upon the subject of slavery. The work which has been accomplished by Col. Greene and Mr. Nichols among the colored people in this Home is astounding to one who was not before well acquainted with what they have done. Col. Greene deserves great praise for his "Yankee" management of the enterprise. He has had immediate charge of the colony of contrabands on Arlington Heights, leaving the educational work, of course, to the teachers. When the colony was first begun it numbered only 200 persons, but it now numbers over 1,000. With such men as Col. Greene and Mr. Nichols (and I ought not to omit the names of the Tract Society agents, the Rev. Mr. Kemps and Rev. Mr. Rockwood) at the head of this enterprise, it is perfectly sure to succeed.

There is much excitement here this morning over the organization of the House, and there are rumors of a Copperhead plot to prevent any organization whatever. As a single day will settle the question, I will not speculate about results. In my next letter I will be able to give you something respecting the new Congress. As I close this it is assembling at the Capitol—that Capitol which, within a week, has been surmounted by a statue of Freedom. It is appropriate to the times, but let me close with a curious historical fact connected with this very statue. *It was cast—this statue of Freedom—by slaves!* I am informed, on good authority, that Clark Mills, who cast it, did so with the labor of his slaves, not then set free by the District Emancipation Act.

AVON.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.—The President has issued the following proclamation :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1863.

Reliable information being received that the insurgent force is retreating from East Tennessee under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces cannot hereafter be dislodged from that important position ; and esteeming this to be of high national consequence, I recommend that all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for His great advancement of the National cause.

A. LINCOLN.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.—The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date of Monday last, says : "A report prevailed to-night that the President was very ill, but, so far from this being true, he has not been so well for the past ten days as now, and to-night has been engaged on public business."

LETTER OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

SOME time ago, several distinguished gentlemen of this city united in the gift of a stand of colors to the 7th Regiment *Corps d'Afrique*, Department of the Gulf. The following letter of acknowledgment has been sent to us for publication :

To HON. EDGAR KETCHUM, *on behalf of Hon. George Opdyke, Mayor, etc., Hon. Francis George Shaw, Messrs. A. T. Stewart, Geo. C. Ward, M. H. Grinnell, Jonathan Sturgis, A. A. Low and Brothers, and others.*

GENTLEMEN : Words are expressionless to convey the sincerity of our thanks to you for this bounteous offering, this voice of good cheer vibrating over the thousand miles of land and sea, freighted with the significant pledge that the faith of Northern friends has not wavered, nor their patriotism faltered in all the discouraging labors which have at last brought a fearfully oppressed race out of the vale and shadow of political and social death into the pleasant land of Beulah.

"They who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow."

With this consciousness we arrogate no marked merit to ourselves for those humble efforts which you have so generously applauded

Our acceptance of this cherished token of your sympathy and trust shall not be displayed in words alone, but in every line of duty to which the great cause leads.

We recognize you as public men, battling from budding manhood to mature respected age ; for principle, justice, liberty for all ; and as earnest men we address you.

We pray you to record our enthusiastic pledge that these colors, entrusted us to shield, as a symbol of a land truly free, and as the indication of your faith in the righteousness of the cause and in us, shall never be, while God nerves our arms, defiled by rebel hands.

In India, we are told, they dug an Artesian well. The chart of the strata shows that they bored through eighteen hundred feet before the fountain was reached. Days, weeks, months, they labored, and then the source was found, and the wand of perseverance brought forth an immense jet of sparkling water.

And now each morn the laborer rejoices as he washes away the traces of dreamland ; the joyous bird carols as he sports above it ; the apricot on the wall blesses it ; and as it moistens the punkas which invite peasant and prince to repose, all hearts are tuned to thankfulness for the priceless gift.

Friends! a spring of far greater good for you and for us is now toiled for. Months, years we have labored, and we have just now hurled out the huge black rock which has diseased our land and blocked our success.

We have been accustomed in years gone to reject as fanciful our Spread Eagle and Fourth of July ; but the months flown have discovered that the half has not been told ; that this our land is the ideal for which we toiled, and never yet could dream.

But how much more illustrious will it appear when the good work is equitably perfected, the government proved unconquerable, the Union thoroughly and fraternally cemented, and the time-honored, world-esteemed flag floats over a truly wise and exulting people, whose magna charta shall proclaim anew the self-evident truth, that *all* men are created *free*.

We have had our tempestuous night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Ours may not be the undying honor of consummating the glorious work, but we will humbly take our place with those who, after they had done their task, received not yet the promise—whose bones now whiten on many a battle-field.

We have been taught

"To labor and to wait."

God is with us and we will bear these colors well ; and we will not forget that every mark of conflict makes them additionally dear.

And when they are returned to you as they will be, New York will not have in her gallery of trophies a standard more worthily borne, nor more heavily wrought with the vestiges of hard fought battle than these which we now with gratitude accept in trust.

In behalf of the Committee,

JOHN J. BERTHOLF, Adjutant.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND."

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society congratulate its members and friends that, through the madness, rebellion, and secession of the South, avowedly in behalf of its Heaven-accursed and world-abhorred slave system—involving the country in a civil war of the hugest proportions and the most sanguinary character, which still continues its desolating work—the constitutional powers of the Federal government are now ample to decree the immediate and total abolition of slavery. They believe that, as a measure of national peace and unity, of humanity and justice, such a decree should be passed by the ensuing Congress at as early a period in the session as practicable—thus not only sustaining the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln of January 1st, 1863, but also effectually disposing of that remnant of the slave institution which was exempted by the proclamation aforesaid, in such a manner as may seem most equitable and expedient by Congress.

The warrant for this procedure is to be found in the still greatly imperilled state of the republic, and in the legitimate functions of the government that may be exercised in such an alarming crisis. By common law, an individual has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law. In view of international law, a nation is an individual, and has the right of self-defence by all means recognized by that law ; one of those means being the destruction of any dynasty or institution that imperils national life. Slavery has struck at the life of the nation, and declared its own existence incompatible with that of the nation. Hence the nation, acting through its official organs, has the right to abolish slavery throughout its dominions ; and past events demonstrate alike the necessity and duty of exercising this right without delay and without compromise.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, therefore, deeply impressed with the importance of a general coöperation of the friends of impartial liberty at this time, in order to influence and secure the action of Congress in the manner described, hereby announce, that they have resolved to put forthwith into the lecturing field as many agents as the funds of the Society will warrant, whose sole work shall be to enlighten the public mind on this subject, stimulate to a wide-spread movement in favor of universal emancipation, and thus make the recurrence of another SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION an impossible event,

To sustain and increase the number of these agents, the Committee solicit the generous contribution and donations of all who desire to see the speedy suppression of the war, and in the fullest sense "LIBERTY AND UNION" made "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

In furtherance of this patriotic and Christian object, the "Woman's Loyal National League" at New York has taken the field, in advance, to procure to a petition to the next Congress, for the total abolition of slavery, A MILLION OF SIGNATURES on the part of the loyal women of the republic. It deserves all possible encouragement and success, and we shall extend to it the heartiest coöperation. But let the loyal MEN be equally zealous and resolved to be as potentially heard in the same manner, by the same body. Let such a petition be sent to Congress from every city, town, village and hamlet in all the loyal States. No time is to be lost. "*One last, best effort now!*"

The Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society is WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., 8 Railroad Exchange, Boston, Mass. Donations may also be sent to OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq., Anti-Slavery Office, 48 Beekman street, New York, and to J. MILLER MCKIM, Anti-Slavery Office, 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Editors of newspapers friendly to the object here announced, are respectfully requested to insert this announcement in their columns.

THE SPEAKER.—Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, is a native of New York, but long a resident of Indiana, a printer and editor by profession, and a member of the House since 1854. He is well fitted for the highly responsible office of Speaker, by his integrity, urbanity and parliamentary experience.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS has completed a "History of the Slavery Agitation in the United States," which will include his Florida annals, which appeared some years since. It will undoubtedly be a valuable contribution to political history. It is to be published by Foster, Follet & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Proceedings of Congress.

The Thirty-eighth Congress assembled in the Capitol at Washington, on Monday Dec. 7.

In the Senate, the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President, took the chair.

Garret Davis of Kentucky raised the question as to the right of gentlemen from West Virginia to take seats. He held that there was constitutionally and legally no such State as West Virginia. There could, therefore, be no Senators from such a State. His object was simply to put on record his objections. He did not believe that Virginia was like the Polypus, that could be separated in several segments and yet live and have a separate being. He believed the State to be intact, and that this whole thing is a flagrant violation of the Constitution. He therefore desired to take the ayes and noes on the admission of the alleged Senators. After some discussion between several Senators as to the proper way of meeting the question, Mr. Davis, as a test question, moved that the oath of office be administered to the gentlemen from West Virginia, which was carried by yeas 36, nays 5—the nays being Messrs. Buckalew, Davis, Hendricks, McDougall and Powell.

Messrs. Foot, Trumbull and Nesmith were appointed a Committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President, in company with a Committee of the House, and inform him of the readiness of Congress to receive his Annual Message.

The Senators from West Virginia drew lots, according to the usual practice, to determine the length of their terms of service respectively. Mr. Van Winkle drew the long term, expiring in 1869, Mr. Willey the short term, expiring in 1865.

In the House, the first business in order, after the calling of the roll by the Clerk, was the election of Speaker. Mr. Etheridge, the Clerk, in making up the roll, excluded the names of the representatives from Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Oregon, Missouri and Kansas, seeking to justify himself in doing so by the terms of a law passed by the last Congress prescribing his duties. At the same time he entered on the roll the names of three interlopers from Louisiana, who claimed seats upon certificates possessing no validity whatever. His object is believed to have been, by excluding certain members on a mere pretext, and admitting others having no legal claim to seats, to defeat, if possible, the election of a Republican Speaker and secure his own reelection as Clerk. Elected to the Clerkship of the late House by the Republicans, he went over to the Copperheads during the last year, under the expectation, doubtless, that the latter would control the present House. His anticipations not being realized, he set himself to work to defeat the will of the people in the manner above described. But the scheme did not work. The House voted to place on the roll the names of the members whom Mr. Etheridge sought to exclude, and to refer to the Committee on Elections the credentials of the claimants from Louisiana, who are not to be sworn until that Committee shall report on their case.

The House then proceeded to ballot for Speaker, with the following result :

Colfax	101	Mallory	10
Cox	52	Stebbins	8
Dawson	12	Blair	2
King	6	Styles	1

The Clerk therefore declared Mr. Colfax duly and legally elected Speaker of the House of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

The announcement was greeted with vociferous applause.

Messrs. Dawson and Cox were appointed to conduct the Speaker to the Chair, which was followed by applause from the floor and the galleries.

The Speaker on taking the chair delivered the following eloquent and patriotic address, which was received with general applause :

ADDRESS OF MR. COLFAX.

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives : To-day will be marked in American history as the opening of a Congress destined to face and settle the most important questions of the century, and during whose existence the rebellion which has passed its culmination will, beyond all question—thanks to our army and navy, and Administration—die a deserved death! Not only will your constituents watch with strictest scrutiny your deliberations here, but the friends of liberty in the most distant lands will be interested spectators of your acts in this greater than Roman forums. I invoke you to approach these grave questions with the calm thoughtfulness of statesmen, freeing your discussions from that acerbity which mars instead of advancing legislation, and with unshaken reliance on that divine power which gave victory to those who formed this Union, and can give even greater victory to those who are seeking to save it from destruction from the hands of the parricide and traitor. I invoke you also to remember that sacred truth which all history verifies, that "they who rule not in righteousness shall perish from the earth." Thanking you with a grateful heart for this distinguished mark of your confidence and regard, and appealing to you all for that support and forbearance, by the aid of which alone I can hope to succeed, I am now ready to take the oath of office and enter upon the duties you have assigned me.

Mr. Washburne, being the oldest consecutive member, at the request of the Clerk administered to the Speaker the oath required by law. The members of the House were next sworn, advancing by delegations as their names were called.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, gave notice of the introduction of a bill to revive the grade of Lieutenant-General of the army, and to provide that a medal be struck for Gen. Grant, and that a vote of thanks be given him and the officers of his army.

Mr. Lovejoy gave notice of a bill to punish slaveholders throughout the United States and Territories.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, Mr. Clark of New Hampshire, by unanimous consent, introduced a bill to grant a pension to John. L. Burns, of Gettysburgh, Penn. Read a first time.

Mr. Davis, of Kentucky (Opp.), submitted the following resolution :

"That the refusal of the rebel authorities to exchange negro soldiers and their white officers should not prevent the exchange of our other soldiers and officers in rebel prisons on just terms, such as will prevent suffering to our brave officers and soldiers in the hands of the enemy."

The resolution was laid over.

In the House, on Tuesday, Edward McPherson of Pennsylvania was elected Clerk by 101 votes to 69 cast for Emerson Etheridge. N. G. Ordway of New Hampshire was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. Ira Goodenow, the previous incumbent, was elected doorkeeper, and W. S. King, Postmaster.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois (Union), offered a joint resolution presenting the thanks of Congress to Maj. Gen. Grant, and the officers and soldiers who have fought under him during the rebellion, and providing that the President cause a medal to be struck for Gen. Grant in the name of the people of the United States.

Passed unanimously without a word of debate or explanation.

Mr. Arnold, of Illinois (Union), gave notice of bills to prohibit slavery forever in the territories, included in the President's emancipation proclamation. Also to repeal so much of the enrolment act as authorizes the discharge of a person drafted on payment of $300.

PHOTOGRAPHS—large size—of the following persons for sale at this office, price 75 cents :

THEODORE D. WELD,
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
THEODORE TILTON.

The likenesses are pronounced excellent—that of Mr. Weld especially.

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—On Monday the United States Supreme Court met, all the Justices being present, viz : Justices Taney, Wayne, Catron, Nelson, Grier, Clifford, Swayne, Miller, Davis and Fields. The only business transacted was the announcement by Mr. Chief Justice Taney that the Court had elected D. N. Middleton, Esq., of Washington, long the Assistant Clerk, to be the Clerk of their Court, vice Mr. William Carroll, deceased.

THE TREASURER OF THE FREEDMEN'S RELIEF SOCIETY of the District of Columbia acknowledges the following donations :

J. W. Hibbs, Reading Creek, Pa.	$10 00
First Cong. Church, Southampton, Mass.	19 00
Portland Ladies' Society,	1 65
Asbury Church, Washington,	13 00

Washington, D. C. GEO. E. BAKER, Treasurer.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN WASHINGTON.—Mr. Douglass delivered a lecture before the Freedmen's Association in Washington on Monday evening last. Two thousand people are said to have gone away from the hall, unable to find room! What a change of public sentiment in Washington is indicated by the appearance there of a Fugitive Slave as a lecturer on slavery! We old Abolitionists can hardly help feeling bewildered in view of the magnitude of such a revolution.

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

WE give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States :

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name.	*Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

N.B.—As this petition will not be presented till after next December 12, all who will then be eighteen years old have a right to sign it. The petitions are coming in rapidly, but the MILLION is far off yet. Let the friends of freedom everywhere set the petitions in motion, keep them going, and send on the signatures by the first of January, to Susan B. Anthony, Secretary Women's Loyal National League, Room 20, Cooper Institute, New York.

There is need for all to speak and work, while John Jolliffe, Esq., the Cincinnati lawyer, who defended the heroic fugitive slave, MARGARET GARNER, is to-day under a bond of two thousand dollars, charged with having aided a slave to escape from his Maryland master. The crime (!) committed, too, in the District of Columbia, under the direct control and legislation of Congress.

The Women's Loyal National League acknowledge a donation of $50 from Jessie Benton Fremont.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The advices from the Army of the Potomac indicate that the Autumn campaign has closed, and the troops are industriously occupied in making their camps as comfortable as possible for the Winter. A Washington rumor says that Gen. Meade has been removed, and Gen. Pleasanton appointed in his stead, and the report was generally believed. The story was also current that the appointment had previously been offered to Gens. Sedgwick and Warren, but they had declined acceptance.

FROM TENNESSEE.

Decisive news at last from East Tennessee—news more glorious and infinitely more important than if we had heard of a battle and a victory almost anywhere else. The seige of Knoxville is at an end. The rebel effort to regain East Tennessee is abandoned forever. Longstreet is in full retreat toward Virginia, our cavalry pursuing. The country may breathe freer. We can hardly realize the tremendous peril we have escaped. East Tennessee was so long neglected that its value even now is only half understood, yet it is true beyond question that the loss of it is absolutely fatal to the rebel Confederacy. Our possession of it makes the military subjugation of all the territory which still owns the lawless sway of Jefferson Davis only a question of time. Nothing but despair could have driven the rebels to abandon their effort, and the conviction that it can never be recovered will be equally potent to paralyze their operations in other quarters.

It does not seem clear whether Longstreet is likely to be overtaken, or his retreat seriously interrupted. But that is of less moment. We are satisfied to learn that Sherman and Foster are in pursuit, and will do what is possible to destroy the rebel force which they have helped to defeat. Their arrival doubtless determined the raising of the seige, but the credit of the defense is Gen. Burnside's alone. His whole campaign has been a masterpiece, and his final stand at Knoxville is what saved us the State and shortened by many months the duration of the war—*Tribune*.

Gen. Grant has captured, since the war begun, 472 cannon and 90,000 prisoners.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

The President has received official dispatches from Gen. Banks announcing, under date of Nov. 9, the occupation of Brazos Island, Fort Isabel and Brownsville by the forces under his command. The General speaks with hopefulness of the prospect before him in Texas. Gen. Stone, writing from New Orleans on the 17th ult., officially makes known the capture on the 17th of Corpus Christi and Aransas City, with 100 prisoners and three guns. Gen. Lee, commanding the Federal cavalry in Gen Franklin's column, has made a successful dash on a rebel camp, near Vermillion Bayou, killing eight, wounding many and capturing seventy.

FROM CHARLESTON.

Advices from Charleston Bar to Dec. 1, announce little change in the position of affairs. The bombardment of Fort Sumter had almost entirely ceased, as the work for all warlike purposes had been rendered unserviceable. Its west wall had been undermined by our fire and had fallen into the sea, and the rebels display no flag over the ruins. Gen. Gillmore has turned his attention to the fortifications on Sullivan's Island, and with such effect that two of them are said to have been destroyed. Shells are also thrown into Charleston at the rate of twenty a day, and the inhabitants are said to have deserted all the buildings within range of our guns. A panic prevails among the people and the troops are scarcely a whit more courageous than the civilians at the prospect before them. They believe that Gen. Gillmore's operations will inevitably end in the capture of the city. Much destitution exists among the poor of Charleston and Savannah, and deaths from starvation have occurred. The rebels, with accustomed duplicity, took advantage of the respect which is everywhere paid by us to the hospital flag, to construct a strong battery behind the Moultrie House on Sullivan's Island, over which the signal of sickness was flying A few days since they razed the hotel, and opened fire from the work which they had built under circumstances so dishonorable.

FROM ARKANSAS.

From Arkansas we have intelligence that the Union men are making energetic efforts for the return of the State to its allegiance. Conventions are being held, loyal men are organizing for home defence, and a member of the National Congress had been elected. One of the Conventions voted in favor of Arkansas as a Free State after the war.

THE VANDERBILT AFTER THE PIRATES.

A letter from Pernambuco, Oct. 30th, to the Philadelphia *Press*, says :

"By information just received from Capetown, Africa, I learn that the United States steamer Vanderbilt left there on the 11th of September, and on the 16th the pirate Alabama returned from Angra Pequena, where she had sold her two prizes. The Vanderbilt is going east in search of the Georgia, and it was feared that the Alabama would go north to avoid the Vanderbilt, which was expected to return to Cape Town. The Mohican called at Bahia on the 26th to meet the English mail steamer and learn news of the pirates."

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

GEN. GILLMORE AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Nov. 28.

It having been charged in *The Evening Post* of the 17th inst., that Gen. Gillmore has alienated the officers of the colored regiments under his command, by imposing on the negroes the duties of military laborers, to their detriment as efficient soldiers, a counter-statement becomes fitting and necessary.

With the detailing of particular corps for fatigue duty, the Major-General Commanding has nothing to do. He indicates the work that is to be executed, and orders that a sufficient number of men be sent to do it. The Adjutant-General makes the selection of the various corps to go on fatigue duty. It is not true that the negro regiments have had an undue share of such duty imposed on them. It is not true that they have not had opportunities given them to become efficient in drill and the manual of arms. It is not true that they have been denied opportunities of meeting the enemy, and learning to face death and danger. The immortal charge of the 54th Massachusetts upon Fort Wagner, in which Col. Shaw and several other commissioned officers fell ; the numerous raids into the neighboring country ; the important outposts intrusted to their guardianship—all refute the last-mentioned charge. Their martial bearing, precision of step, and smart handling of the musket at the several reviews held within the last three months on Morris, Folly, and Port Royal Islands, prove that their drill has been attended to as it should have been. As to the undue share of fatigue duty alleged to have been imposed on them, it is a singular fact that the impression is rife in every regiment upon Folly and Morris Islands—white and black—that that particular corps has done about twice its fair share of hard work, thus proving that in the conversion of these islands into immense fortresses, in accordance with Gen. Gillmore's plans, a wonderful amount of effort has been necessary. But, with the reopening of the Morris Island batteries upon Fort Sumter and Charleston, the onerous labors of "fatigue parties" have become vastly lighter.

It is true, however, that in the supply of necessary medicines and clothing to the colored regiments, delays have arisen, and as to these matters there may have been just cause for remonstrance, but not for dissatisfaction nor recrimination.

In the Quartermaster's Department there seems to have been a disposition to slight the requisitions of the proper officer for overcoats and shoes. The 1st N. C. colored had to do picket duty for some weeks, in swampy ground, with no better protection than India-rubber blankets for many of the men. But it appeared upon investigation, that the required garments were not then in the Department. If, therefore, the want of proper clothing was caused purposely, the fault must lie outside of the Quartermaster's Department in the Department of the South. As to the want of shoes, complained of in the 55th Massachusetts, it arose from the curious fact that an unusual quantity of extra large sizes were called for, more than the regulation assortment would supply. A special requisition through all stages of the Q. M. Department, up to the head-office in Washington, was necessary, to meet this case.

As to the want of medicines, the case was less excusable. The Assistant Surgeon of a regiment was detailed to an insolated and insular post, in medical charge of a detachment or garrison. In answer to his requisition upon the medical storekeeper at Hilton Head for certain medicines, then urgently needed by him, he was referred to the Surgeon of his regiment, it being out of order for an Assistant Surgeon to apply to the storekeeper for medicines. In this case the Surgeon of the regiment had himself made a requisition for the same medicines, and not having received them, could not supply the Assistant. Meanwhile, some deaths occurred, in cases where it was believed that the timely administering of the required medicines might have saved or prolonged life. In this position of affairs, a Medical Depot was ordered to be established on Folly Island. A building was in course of erection. The Medical Storekeeper had arrived with medicines. These were landed near the unfinished building. An order from headquarters arrived to discontinue the erection of the storehouse, and to reship the medicines to Hilton Head. Several Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons had arrived with requisitions for medicines. The Medical Storekeeper was obliged to refuse them. Here there was evident mismanagement and want of a proper understanding of the true condition of affairs. But, by this time, the proper routine has been established, and such painful spectacles are no longer witnessed.

Important Order.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HEADQUARTERS IN FIELD, FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 25, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 105.—I. The Major-General Commanding has heretofore had occasion to rebuke officers of this command for imposing improper labors upon colored troops. He is now informed that the abuses sought to be corrected still exist. Attention is called to General Order No. 77, current series, from these headquarters, and commanding officers are enjoined to see to its strict enforcement. Colored troops will not be required to perform any labor which is not shared by the white troops, but will receive in all respects the same treatment and be allowed the same opportunities for drill and instruction.

II. Hereafter enlisted men belonging to light batteries will not be detailed for any duty whatever outside their companies. All such men at present on duty as clerks and orderlies will be at once relieved and returned to their respective companies.

III. General Order No. 90, current series, from these headquarters, is hereby countermanded.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Q. A. GILLMORE.
ED. W. SMITH, Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

RECRUITING IN NEW YORK.

R. D. Kenney, No. 178 Prince street, is recruiting for the new colored regiment now forming in this city. Mr. Kenney is acting under the auspices of the Committee for Colored Volunteers appointed by the meeting at Clinton Hall, called by many of our most influential citizens. All who wish to aid in speedily raising the first New York Colored Regiment of National Volunteers are requested to send donations to James Rodgers, treasurer, No. 421 Broadway. Let us not be behind other States in using every means to strengthen the national army. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kansas are giving their brave and patriotic colored citizens an opportunity to share the burdens and honors of preserving our national integrity and glory. Let us look to the honor and interests of New York.

COLORED CAVALRY.

BOSTON, Friday, Dec. 4, 1863.

The Secretary of War has authorized Gov. Andrew to recruit a regiment of colored cavalry in Massachusetts.

IMPORTANT EXPEDITION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 30, 1863.

A few days since, Colonel Alonzo G. Draper, commanding the 3d Regiment of North Carolina Colored Troops, received orders to take a portion of his regiment and make an expedition from this post to Princess Anne County. The objects of the expedition were several—among them the pursuit and capture of certain guerillas, and the obtaining of recruits for the regiment, being prominent. Col. Draper set forth accordingly, and so well managed were his plans that it was not known that he had gone at all until news was received here of his success and of his being on his return.

Among the guerillas who have infested this region, was one who was styled Major Burroughs, and whose superior skill, audacity and desperation had raised him to the rank of a leader. This man was formerly a clergyman, and his home was upon a little peninsula in Princess Anne County, known as Long Island. He [illegible] obedience to the "conciliation policy" then prevalent, had been admitted to parole. He rewarded the government for this clemency by taking up arms against its officers and soldiers as a guerilla, and has within the last six months committed six or eight murders, and a countless number of robberies. He had a large band under him, who obeyed him implicitly, and who, for the most part, were farmers by day, and guerillas by night.

Col. Draper had orders to capture this man and his band if possible, and if he or any of his men were fired upon by the guerillas, his orders were peremptorily to bring no prisoners to Norfolk, but to hang them on the spot.

To tell all the incidents which befel Col. Draper and his men on the expedition would be tedious. At every plantation which they reached, after passing our lines, the slaves were called together and informed that they were free—and that the men could join the ranks of the regiment, while the women and children would be taken to Norfolk, and there provided for on the government farms. In every instance the slaves were told that no compulsion would be used—they were free to go or free to remain—and in every instance they chose to go, to the inexpressible astonishment of their owners, who invariably believed, or pretended to believe, that their people would never voluntarily desert them. The Colonel's orders were to subsist on the enemy—and he did so—taking pains to subsist the most on the most disloyal. The negroes were furnished with means of transportation, and the necessary articles of clothing and utensils of industry, and the consequence was, that when Colonel Draper's Expedition reëntered Norfolk, he brought up his rear guard with a train of three carriages, 120 carts, and several wagons, filled with emancipated women and children, while his ranks were swelled by the accession of every able-bodied male negro whom he met with in his expedition.

The colored people were everywhere his friends. They knew fully what the advent of the Stars and Stripes meant for them, and they gave to Col. Draper the most valuable information, which, in every instance, he found to be correct, and perfectly trustworthy. The white people, on the contrary, endeavored to deceive him in every particular, and lied to him without intermission. In one instance the white inhabitants averred that they had not seen or heard a single guerilla there for months, when, as was afterward ascertained, there was a body of them at that moment drawn up in the woods not three hundred yards distant.

On arriving at Princess Anne Court-House, Col. Draper learned, from his colored friends, that the guerillas under Burroughs had learned of his approach, had assembled their bands, and had prepared an ambuscade for him. Their numbers greatly exceeded those of Col. Draper's command, but by a series of extremely masterly manœuvers he succeeded in causing the guerilla chief to believe that he had retreated to Norfolk. Acting upon this belief Burroughs disbanded his men, and returned to his own home on Long Island, where Col. Draper and his men had preceded him, and were lying in ambush for *him!* So complete was the trap in which Burroughs found himself that he attempted no resistance, but only flight ; but finding that our men shot very accurately, he surrendered at discretion, without having fired a shot. This saved his life for the present, but only for the present. He is now confined at Fort Norfolk.

The conduct of the negro troops during this expedition was admirable. They endured fatigue without complaint, were brave, cool, and obeyed their orders with the discipline of veterans. Col. Draper's regiment is a credit to the service.

The educational and industrial enterprises among the colored people of Norfolk and Portsmouth are now well organized, and will form the subject of another letter. The former are under the care of Prof. Woodbury of New York, a gentleman whose zeal and knowledge go hand in hand, and who is worthy of every praise. The industrial operations are under the care of Captain Brown, A. Q. M., whose labors equal those of Hercules, but whose courage and hope never seem to fail.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war ; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System ; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, etc.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety ; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens ; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see the "Pen is Mightier than the Sword," on the fourth page.

Summary.

The Queen of England has sent a gold cup, salver, and knife and fork to her god-daughter, formerly Miss Bonetta Forbes and a great favorite of hers, and who is now married to Mr. Davis of Lagos, a colored merchant.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that hundreds of refugees from East Tennessee have reached Covington, Ky., during the past few days. Many of them are in a very destitute condition, having no money to procure food or shelter. The City Council have appointed a committee to obtain suitable rooms for these unfortunate wanderers, who have been driven from their homes by the hostilities raging in their State.

THE FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE.—The dedication of the Freedmen's Village on Greene Heights, Arlington estate, with its chapel, schoolhouses, hospitals, workshops, etc., took place to-day at 2 o'clock. A large number of ladies, eminent civilians, and officers, were present, beside nearly all of the 1,040 people composing the colony. Speeches were made by the Rev. D. P. Nichols, Superintendent of

Miscellaneous Department.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Through night to light!—And though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm!—And though his thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring!—And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace!—And though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep!—And though the sultry noon,
With heavy, drooping wing oppress thee now,
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown!—And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy!—And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight finds thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The shepherd loves his sheep:
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life!—And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

KOSEGARTEN.

KIDNAPPED.

From Chambers's Journal.

THERE lies on the Atlantic coast of the United States a large inlet or estuary named Chesapeake Bay. It flows from the sea inland, due northward, filling the channels of many rivers, and dividing the two sovereignties of Maryland and Virginia into what are called the Eastern and Western shores. The Eastern shore was doubtless submerged at a remote period, for it is very low and sandy at the present day, and the water-courses from the east and the west nearly meet at its centre. It is, in fact, a long, narrow peninsula, isolated from the populous country across and above the bay, and its people are therefore very quaint, primitive, and individual. Their dialect, manners and institutions are in like manner original, and, until recently, they may have been said to be a people by themselves, shut out from the world, as completely as many of the islanders of the far seas. Their farms were extensive, and almost barren. The richer classes possessed negroes, whose slovenly economy ruined what was already impoverished; and the poorer whites dwelt in miserable cabins—heathens in sloth and ignorance—tilling a few niggard acres of corn and potatoes, and fishing in the salt "creeks" for clams, oysters, and shell-fish.

Dense forests of pine and cedar grew amid the sands; the scanty towns were rude, and never progressive; there was no commerce; and stage-coaches, running at long intervals, furnished the only means of intercommunication.

With these disadvantages, the Eastern Shore seemed in a fair way of relapsing into barbarism, and its regeneration was due to a class of evangels or enthusiasts, who penetrated into its desert places, inspired by religious zeal, teaching the doctrines of faith, industry, and charity. These were the "Methodists"; and whatever may be our opinion of their motives, manners, and doctrines, there can be no doubt that in America they have been the pioneers of civilization. Their apostles were poor, self-educated, and adventurous. No society was so rude, no settlement so remote, as to deter their courage, or baffle their perseverance. And truly their task required all patience and energy. The blight of slavery had gone before them. Crimes were common among the benighted poor—theft, unchastity, and murder. The trade in human flesh was carried on without restraint; slave-buyers traversed the country to obtain field-hands for the cotton and rice States, and kidnapping or man-stealing was generally prevalent.

A celebrated apostle of the Methodist sect was the Rev. Titus Bates. He had been twenty-six years engaged in the ministry, and was now a bronzed, worn, failing man, consumed by the zeal of his order, but still anxious to continue his work and die at his post. Like all his tribe, he was an itinerant, moving from town to town every second year—these towns being his places of abode, while his fields of labor were called "circuits," and comprised many houses of worship scattered through the surrounding district. He had chosen his wife with reference to his vocation, and she was equally earnest with himself. She attended the sick, prayed with the dying, taught Sabbath-schools, and organized religious meetings among the women. They had but one son, Paul, an odd, silent little fellow, who was thought to be more bashful than bright; but his parents loved him tenderly, and argued the highest usefulness from his still, sober, thoughtful habits. He was of a singularly dark complexion, with fine black eyes and curling hair, and he was now old enough to ride to and fro with his father upon the long, pastoral journeys.

Paul's sixth birthday occurred on a [illegible] in December. He had been promised, as a special treat on that occasion, a visit to Hogson's Corner, an old meeting-house near the bay-side, twenty miles distant. His mother woke him at an early hour, and while he breakfasted, the gray pony Bob came to the door in the "sulky." His mother bade him be a good boy, and kissed him; he took his seat upon a stool at his father's feet, and watched the stone parsonage fade quickly out of sight. The last houses of the town vanished; they passed some squalid huts of free negroes; and when, after an hour, they came to a grim, solitary hill, the snow began to fall. It beat down very fast, whitening the frozen furrows in the fields, making pyramids of the charred stumps, and bleaching the sinuous "worm-fences" which bordered the road. After a while they found a gate built across the way, and Paul leaped out to open it. The snow was deep on the other side, and the little fellow's strength was taxed to push it back, but he succeeded, and his father applauded him. Then there were other gates; for there were few public highways here, and the routes led through private fields. It seemed that he had opened a great many gates before they came to the forest, and then Paul wrapped his chilled wet feet in the thick buffalo hide, and watched the dreary stretches of the pines moan by, the flakes still falling, and the wheels of the sulky dragging in the drifts. The road was very lonely; his father hummed snatches of hymns as they went, and the little boy shaped grotesque figures down the dim aisles of the woods, and wondered how it would be with travellers lost in their depths. He was not sorry when they reached the "meeting-house," a black old pile of planks, propped upon logs, with a long shelter-roof for horses down the side of the paveyard. A couple of sleighs, a rough-covered wagon, called a "dearbourn," and several saddled horses, were tied beneath the roof. Two very aged negroes were seen coming up one of the cross-roads, and the shining, surging Chesapeake, bearing a few pale sails, was visible in the other direction. Some boors were gossiping in the churchyard, slashing their boots with their riding-whips; one lean, solemn man came out to welcome the preacher, addressing him as "Brother" Bates; and another led the sulky into the wagon-shed, and treated Bob to some ears of corn, which he needed very much.

Then they all repaired to the church, which looked inside like a great barn. The beams and shingles were bare; some swallows in the eaves flew and twittered at will; and a huge stove, with branching pipes, stood in the naked aisle. The pews were hard and prim, and occupied by pinch-visaged people; the pulpit was a plain shelf, with hanging oil-lamps on either side; and over the door in the rear projected a rheumatic gallery, where the black communicants were boxed up like criminals. A kind old woman gave Paul a ginger-cake, but his father motioned him to put it in his pocket; and after he had warmed his feet, he was told to sit in the pew nearest the preacher, on what was called the "Amen side." Then the services began, the preacher leading the hymns, and the cracked voices of the old ladies joining in at the wrong places. But after a while a venerable negro in the gallery tuned up, and sang down the shrill swallows with natural melody. The prayers were long, and broken by ejaculations from the pews. The text was announced amid profound silence, after everybody had coughed several times, and then the itinerant launched into his sermon. At first, it was dry and argumentative, then burdened with divisions and quotations, but in the end he closed the great book, and made one of those fierce, feeling appeals—brimming with promises of grace and threatenings of hell—in words so homely that all felt them true, while the wild, interpolated cries of the believers thrilled and terrified the young.

Little Paul heard with pale lips these grim, religious revelations, and his child's fancy conjured up awful pictures of worlds beyond the grave. He wondered that the birds dared riot in the roof; the sky in the gable-window was full of cloudy marvels; and the snow beat under the door, like a shroud blown out of one of the churchyard tombs. The closing prayer was said at last, the unconverted walked away, but five or six communicants remained to tell their secret experiences in the "class-meeting." Paul's father gave him permission to go into the yard if he liked, and the boy got into the sulky, beneath the buffalo, and heard the sobs and hymns floating dismally on the wind. Grim shapes thronged his mind again, wherein the Bible stories were mingled with tales of ghosts and strange nursery fables. They chased each other in and out, generating others as they went, and then came drowsiness, and Paul slept.

The class-meeting lasted an hour. It was very fervent and demonstrative; and when it was over the kind old lady who had given Paul the ginger-bread asked the preacher home to dinner. She said that roasted turkey, wild-duck, and pumpkin-pie were waiting for them; and Mr. Bates thought fondly what a treat it would be for Paul on his birthday. He was to preach again that afternoon seven miles away, and so moved briskly towards the sulky.

"The poor fellow is asleep," said the preacher, seeing that the curling head was not thrust up at his approach. "I wonder of what he dreams!" He drew near as he spoke. Old Bob was munching his corn sedately; the sulky had a saucy air; the robe nestled in the front, with the tiny stool peeping from a corner; but Paul was not there. The preacher called aloud; the horses raised their ears in reply, and the wheels crackled in the frozen crust. He called again; some sleigh-bells jingled merrily, and then the pines moaned. He looked into the other vehicles; he watched for the little foot-tracks in the snow; he ran back to the old church, and searched beneath every pew.

"Brethren—sisters," he cried, "I cannot find my boy!" and his voice was tremulous. They gathered round him; and some said that Paul had ridden away with the worldly lads; others, that he was hiding mischievously. But one silent bystander looked into the drifts, and traced four great boot-marks close to the sulky. He followed them across the road into the pines, and out into the road again, where they were lost in the multitude of impressions.

"Brother," he faltered, "God give you strength! your boy has been stolen—kidnapped!"

The old man staggered; but the kind lady caught him, and as he leaned upon her shoulder, his face grew hard and blanched; then he removed his hat, and his gray hairs streamed over his gaunt features. "Let us pray!" he said.

They searched the country that afternoon; but the forests were vast, and they met with no cheer. The preacher plodded to his appointment as if he had still a child, and his sermon was as full and straightforward. He announced his bereavement from the pulpit when he had done, and the whole country was alarmed and excited. He bore the tidings to his desolate home, and his stricken wife heard it with a stern resignation. Thenceforward, he preached more of the burning pit, and less of the golden city; his eyes were full of fierce light, and his visage grew long and ghastly. He denied himself all joys and comforts; his prayers rang in the midnight through the gloomy parsonage; and he toiled in the ministry as if reckless of life, and anxious to lose it in his Master's service. The end came at last; the world closed over the grim couple, and they hoped through the grave's portal to find their child.

When Paul awoke from his nap in the sulky, he found himself far in the forest, and moving swiftly forward. A huge negro, with bloodshot eyes, was transferring him to an evil-looking white man, and he struggled in the latter's arms, crying for his papa.

The negro drew a long knife from his breast, and flourished it before Paul's face. "Hold um jaw, or I kill um dead!" he muttered. "Got um grave dug out yer."

"O yer young yerlin!" said the other man, boxing Paul's ears; "yer don't know yer own father, don't yer? I'm yer parpar!"

"You are not!" cried Paul. "Where are you taking me? Where is the church, and the sulky, and old Bob?"

The negro drove his knife so close to Paul's throat, that the boy flinched and shrieked.

"You dar to say fader to anybody," yelled the negro, "and I cut yo' heart out. You dar to tell yer name, or yer fader's name, or wha' yo' come from, and I cut yo' eyes out! I cut yo' heart and eyes out—do yo' yar?"

The lad was cowed into cold, tearless terror; he shrank from the glittering edge, and trembled at the giant's murderous expression. He thought they had brought him to this lonely spot to slay him, and he embraced silence as the only chance for his young life. He wondered if this were not one of his wild imaginings, or if it had not something to do with the punishment pronounced in the morning's fierce sermon. The two men came to a ruined cabin after a while; it was buried in deep shade; the logs were worm-eaten, and the clay chimney had fallen down. They climbed by a creaking ladder into the loft, and laid Paul upon a ragged bed. A young negro woman and her child were there, and the boy saw that her foot was shackled to the floor, for the chain rattled as she moved. They gave him a piece of beef and a corncake, and stripping him of his tidy clothes, dressed him in the coarse blue drilling worn by slaves. The two men drank frequently from the same bottle, talking in low tones, and after a time both of them lay down and slept. The woman dandled her child to and fro, for it moaned painfully, and the pines without made a deep dirge. No birds trilled or screamed in this desert place, but a roaring as of loud waters was borne now and then on the twilight: it was the bay, close below them, making thunder upon the beach.

When Paul woke from his second sleep, he was on the [illegible] the waves heaved behind. It was night; the snow-flakes still filtered through the profound darkness, and the wind whistled in the rigging. A red lantern moved along the beach; some voices were heard speaking together, and one of them said: "Don't be afraid of the boy; I have sold lots paler than him. Lick him smartly, if he gammons, and he'll tell no tales."

Then they lifted the anchor aboard; the tide floated off the sloop, and they were soon scudding before the wind, under a freezing starlight. Two weary days passed over Paul, of travel by land and water. They came to the city of Richmond at last, and marched him, with five other unfortunates, to the common slave-pen. It was situated in a squalid suburb, surrounded by a high spiked wall, and entered by an office, from which a watchman could observe the interior through two grated doors. The pen consisted of a paved area, open to the sky—except on one side, where it was protected by a shelving roof—and of a jail or den. The latter was walled up in a corner, but its inmates could look out upon the area through a window in the door, and their savage features, revealed at the bars, so terrified Paul, that he retreated to the opposite corner, afraid to look towards them. Now and then, they howled and blasphemed, for two were delirious from drunkenness, and one was desparate from rage, and as they moved like tigers to and fro, their irons clanked behind them, dragging on the stone floor. A number of women were huddled together beneath the roof, some as fair as Paul, others as black as ebony. Some held babes to their breasts, others had no regard for their offspring, but sat stolidly apart, while their children cried for nourishment. In the open place, a bevy of the coarser inmates were holding a rude dance; a large gray-haired man patted time or "juber" with his feet and hands, calling the figures huskily aloud; while the women, with bright turbans tied round their heads, grinned and screamed with glee as they followed the measure with their large heavy shoes. Their efforts were directed not so much to pace as to strength, for some kept up the dance a whole hour, divesting themselves of parcels of clothing as they proceeded, and breathing hard, as if weary to exhaustion. The men applauded vociferously, coupling the names of the performers with wild ejaculations, but subsiding when the keeper appeared at the door occasionally to command less noise. Remote from the bacchanals crouched a serious group of negroes, who sang religious melodies, quite oblivious of their wild associates; and in still another quarter, a humorous fellow was enlivening his constituents with odd sayings and stories.

Paul's heart sank within him as he looked upon these scenes; a sense of his degradation rushed over his young mind, and he threw himself upon the stones, with his head in his hands, and wept hot tears of bitterness. Henceforth he should be a creature—a thing—a slave! He must know no ambition but indolence, no bliss but ignorance, no rest but sleep, no hope but death. Long leagues must interpose between himself and his home; he should never kiss his mother again, or kneel with his father in the holiness of prayer. The recollections of his childhood should be crushed out by agonizing experiences of bondage; he would forget his name and the faces of his friends, and at last preserve only the horrible consciousness that he was the chattel of his master!

The uproar continued far into the night, and one poor creature was delivered of a child in the hazy light of the morning. Paul was too young to think much of the matter, for his own sorrows engrossed him; but he often recurred, in his subsequent career, to the romance of that bondwoman, and the soul which first felt the breath of life in the precincts of the slave-shambles. What a childhood must it have had to look back upon—cradled in disgrace, sung to sleep with the simple melodies of grief, bred for no high purposes, but with the one distinct and dreadful idea of gain—to be filched from that dusky bosom when its little limbs had first essayed motion, that its feeble lips might lisp the accents of servility.

Days and weeks passed over Paul, and he found no opportunity to tell his story. They kept him purposely that he might forget it, or feel the hopelessness of relating it. Other wretches came and went, till there remained none of the original inmates of his prison, and he learned to mingle with his coarse companions, joining sometimes in their gaiety, and the high walls stood for ever between his dreams and the sky, till their sombre shadows were printed upon his heart. The boy's turn came at length. He climbed the auction-block before the gaping multitude, and leaped to show his suppleness. They were pleased with his still serious manner, the paleness of his skin, his thoughtful eyes, and the shining ringlets of his hair. Bids were bandied briskly upon him, and the auctioneer rattled glibly of the rare "lot" to be sold.

"Who owns the boy?" cried a bystander.

"Colonel Jeems Furnell of the Eastern Shore," answered the auctioneer. "His mother is a likely piece that will be in the market presently."

Tears came to Paul's eyes, but he held down the great sob that started to his throat, and called lustily: "It is a wicked story! My father is white, and my mother is white! I am not a slave, and they have stolen me!"

A loud, long laugh broke from the crowd, and the trader cracked a merry joke which helped the pleasantry.

"We may call that a 'white lie,'" he said; "but it is a peart lad, and the air with which he told it is worth a cool hundred. Going at four hundred dollars—four hundred," etc.

The bidding recommenced; the "article" rose in esteem, and Paul was pushed from the block into the arms of a tall, angular person, who led him into the city. That afternoon, he was placed in a railway-carriage; and on the third night he was quartered in Mobile, at the dwelling of his purchaser. The tall person proved to be the agent of a rich old lady—a childless widow—who required a handsome, active lad, to wait upon her person, and make a good appearance in the drawing-room.

She had many servants; but Paul was not compelled to associate with them, and his duties were light, though menial. When his mistress went out to walk, he must carry her spaniel in his arms. He must stand behind her at dinner, wielding a fly-brush of peacock's feathers. He must run errands, and be equally ready to serve her whims or satisfy her wants. She was not harsh, but very petulant; and had Paul been hasty or high-tempered, his lot might have been a bitter one. On the contrary, he was quiet, docile, and bashful, and he pleased her marvellously. If he sometimes wept for the happy past, or felt a child's strong yearnings for something to love, he hid his grief from those about him, and sought that consolation which the world cannot take away, in the simple prayers he had conned from his mother. He was a slave, but not a negro. His pleasures were not theirs, for he had quick intelligence, and he shrank from their loud, lewd glee. Their blood had thickened through generations of bondage, and trained in the harness of beasts, they had become creatures of draught. His had rippled bright and brisk through generations of freemen, and a year could not drag him to their level. He had learned to read and write, and it was his habit to stand at the window in his leisure moments, adding to his information from some pleasant book; but his mistress supposed that he was looking at the pictures merely, till one day, entering the dining-room softly, she heard him reading aloud. He had a sweet boy's voice, which somewhat pacified the anger she felt at such presumption in a slave; and though at first rebuking him, she reconsidered the matter during the evening, and bade him read to her from a new novel. Thenceforword, Paul gained favor, and his mistress found it convenient to employ him as an amanuensis. She released him from menial duties, and gave him neat attire, and it was wonderful how well these accessories became him. He was unassuming, as before, submitting with patience to his lot; and at length he became indispensable to Mrs. Everett. Her attachment to books of fiction amounted to dissipation, and the part that he bore in their perusal developed his warm imagination, till his fancies were brighter than romance—they became poetry. The one great grief of his life touched his whole face with a pensive melancholy, but he forbore to tell his true history again, preferring to wait for some golden moment, when he might be believed, and emancipated.

From the beginning, Mrs. Everett's agent disliked him. Wait was a Northern adventurer—cool, courageous, and ambitious—who had settled in the South with the resolution of becoming rich, and he had pursued his purpose with steady inflexibility. He was not a bad man, but a bitter one, and Paul had in some sort divided Mrs. Everett's esteem with him. Previously, he had been her sole and undisputed adviser, and as she was readily influenced, he hoped, in course of time, to be accepted as her second husband. He was young and manly, and she was giddy and middle-aged. Her relatives held him in contempt, but he had proved his courage, and they did not care to cross him. But with the coming of Paul he had lost somewhat of her regard, and he laid it to the boy's charge. Paul read his calm purpose in his keen eyes, and shuddered at the thought of some day falling into his relentless hands. He labored to conciliate his enemy, but with little effect, until one afternoon, Wait told him to obtain permission from Mrs. Everett, and come to the office. He dictated some ambiguous letters to Paul, and gave him many papers to burn, meanwhile inspecting a pair of long pistols which he took from a portmanteau. It was late in the afternoon when he had done, and then he bade Paul take the case of pistols, slip quietly into the street, and walk straight on till he was overtaken. He had obeyed, not without suspicion, and when he [illegible] found the agent, to his great surprise, seated in a carriage. Two other persons attended him, and one, who was bald, and wore glasses, had a case of surgical instruments lying at his feet. Paul climbed to the driver's box, and they dashed along by the water-side, meeting a second carriage on their way. The last rays of sunset were streaming over the low landscape when both carriages stopped, their occupants dismounted, and Wait came to the front, and reached up his hand to Paul.

"Good-bye, boy," he said in a tone of unwonted tenderness; "remain here a moment, and you will see me again."

They filed along a dike, separating two swamps, and turning down to the beach, were hidden behind a line of cypress-trees. For a few moments, Paul only heard the roar of the surf, the noise of the distant town, and the short breathing of the sedate negro beside him. Then there were shouts as of a person counting rapidly, and two reports, so close that one seemed the echo of the other. A few minutes afterwards the agent appeared, leaning upon the arms of his attendants. He was divested of coat and vest; and as he came nearer, bareheaded, Paul saw that his face was colorless, and working as from deadly pain. His shirt was perforated close to the collar, and the blood flowing beneath had stained it to his waist, and dripped in a runnel from his boots. He fainted when he had taken his seat; and as the carriage rolled away, Paul looked back towards the duelling-ground, and beheld two men bearing upon their shoulders a stiff, straight burden, wrapped in a cloak. The second carriage passed him, driven swiftly, and it seemed to emit a chill draught upon Paul, like the damp wind from a tomb; it was the presence of death, at whose very mention we grow cold.

Wait had vindicated his courage, but at the expense of his life. He lingered on in agony many days; and Paul so pitied him, that he stole into his darkened chamber, and begged to do him kindnesses. The grim man lay implacable, waiting for death; but one night as he writhed, with the dew upon his forehead, Paul heard him mutter; "My God, my mother!"

The boy remembered a quaint text of Scripture: "Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul;" and he repeated it in the strong man's ear.

"Go on," cried Wait, rising upon his elbow; "I have heard that before: tell me the rest!"

"I have the good book here," replied Paul. "I am sure it will be pleasant to you, sir, if you will let me read."

"Do so, boy; I used to know it well. An old friend taught those strange words to me, but I have forgotten them now."

Paul read some soothing and beautiful psalms, which took his companion's mind back to his native mountains, and the white spire of the village church where he had worshipped with his mother. The hard lines melted in his face as he listened, but Paul lit upon a bitter verse, and the agent's conscience began to trouble him. He could not look into the boy's eyes, for they seemed to rebuke him, and at last he commanded Paul to stop. It was midnight. They heard the great clock in the hall strike twelve, and all the household slumbered.

"Go to your mistress's room," said Wait; "tell her that I must see her *now*—she must come at once. The morning may never come to me. Go; God bless you!"

He called Paul back when he had got to the door, and added falteringly: "My boy, do you say your prayers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you mind thinking of me when you say them to night?"

"I do so every night, sir."

"Good-night."

Paul heard the agent sobbing as he stole away; but when he knocked at Mrs. Everett's door, she answered petulantly, and at first she refused to rise. She had little self-denial; it would pain her to enter a dying chamber; and she would have left Wait to perish, had not some passage from the romances entered her head of dead folk, with secrets on their minds, haunting the living. It would be very terrible to be haunted, and the old woman was frightened into obedience. When she returned, her mind was disquieted, and she made Paul stay in her room to compose her with cheerful talk. Finally, she fell asleep, and he hastened to the agent's chamber. It was very dark within, and he waited a moment that the other might recognize him. Wait seemed to be in deep slumber, though Paul could not hear him breathe; but as the lad ventured to place his head upon the quilt, it encountered a hand so cold and hard that it seemed to be marble. Paul knew that he need no longer remember his enemy in his prayers.

What transpired between his mistress and her agent at this dying interview, Paul could not surmise, but he believed that it concerned himself. He perceived that Mrs. Everett treated him more considerately afterwards; and many times, as he looked up from a long silence, he found her regarding him inquisitively. She asked him strange questions once, bearing upon his early life, and he was almost encouraged to reveal the secret of his birth, but she seemed to divine his purpose, and changed the theme. Something troubled her, he knew; and when he applied himself to conciliate and cheer her, at those moments she suffered most. Had she loved the stern, ambitious man whose closed chamber still chilled her mansion? Was it because she was childless and travelling graveward? Or did she cherish a mother's feeling for Paul, and wish that he was of her race, and worthy to be her son? Towards each of these theories he inclined, favoring the last, and finally he concluded that she did not love, but feared him. He had grown tall and manly. An individual beauty, rather of mind than of face, developed in him, and his mistress had been prodigal of favors, so that his dress and ornaments corresponded with his person. He might have ruled rather than served in her dwelling; but content with the recognition of his equality, he maintained the same modest guise, and his mistress felt an uneasy pride in his promotion. One day he found her weeping, and when he spoke, she answered bitterly: "Paul, you have ceased to love me; you are ungrateful; you wish to be free—you would leave me."

He responded pleasantly—for he had become familiar with such moods—that he had found a new romance, which he would read. It was not a long story, but a thrilling one, and based upon the simple narrative of Joseph in bondage. The outline was true, the details were fabulous, and the old lady marvelled that a theme so trite could be so well embellished. He read far into the night, and she bade him leave the book upon her table, that she might peruse it again.

"It is manuscript," he said, "and this is the only copy."

"Why, Paul," she cried, "how came you by it?"

"I wrote it myself."

Paul was indeed the author, having filled in the sorrows of his hero from his own experiences. Mrs. Everett was loud in its praises; she was sure that it indicated genius, and she lay awake that night meditating an act of charity and of justice. She would make a freeman of Paul, and he should find in far lands that equality which he could not obtain in his own. They would journey together. He should have means and advantages and should become her protégé and heir. But the strong self-love defeated this resolve. If Paul were not bound to her by law, he might forsake her, and she could not bear to lose him, for he had become a part of her heart; but when she broached the matter, Paul gave his parole never to leave her without consent. He was still a slave, with the taint of a trampled race in his blood, and he said nothing to Mrs. Everett of his origin. They crossed the seas; they dwelt in pleasant places, beneath soft skies, and Paul grew in knowledge. But his patron was still harassed by some deep remorse. She hurried him from city to city, like the fabled apostate, and at length fell sick in London, on the eve of their return to America. Paul gleaned from her ravings in delirium the cause of her unrest: Wait had made known to her, on the night of his decease, the secret of the young man's origin, and had conjured her to do justice to the lad. Her self-love had deterred her in consummating this duty, and conscience had therefore tortured her. She was enabled to reach New York, where she left the preacher's son the bulk of her property, and received his gratitude and forgiveness before she died.

Paul was free—haunted no longer by horrible premonitions of future suffering—and his first impulse was to return to the Eastern Shore and discover his desolate parents. His recollections of them were imperfect. He preserved many trifling circumstances, though more important events were forgotten; but as he made his way to the old village his heart beat high. There were the negro quarters, the cornfields, the twisting fences, and at last the shady stone parsonage—recollections they seemed of objects beheld in a foggy dream. They directed him to the Methodist church—a prim, square structure in the centre of the village—a tavern on one side, a court-house and a market on the other; and when the sexton threw open a window, the bleared light fell upon a marble slab set in the wall:

NEAR THIS SPOT LIE THE REMAINS
OF REV. TITUS BATES,
FOR TWO YEARS PASTOR OF THIS CONGREGATION,
AND OF PEGGY HIS WIFE.

"THEY HAVE CEASED FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

Paul's hopes fell. He walked through the village friendless, and, impelled by his swift-coming fancies, strolled far into the suburbs. A crowd was collected round a squalid negro cabin, and, less by interest than by instinct, he bent his steps towards it.

"What is the matter, friend?" he asked of a bye-stander.

"The boys hez scented kidnappers to this shanty," answered the man; "and, by doggy! they goin' to trap 'em!"

The mob seemed to be fearfully incensed as Paul pushed close to the scene. There were said to be two of the man-stealers, both of whom had been very daring and successful. He heard their names called as Peter Gettis and Dave Goule, and the opinion was expressed that the first named would not yield without a desperate struggle. The mob was hot and clamorous, and while a selected committee entered the den to search it, the rest brandished clubs and knives, and yelled for justice and blood. Word came at length that the kidnappers were concealed beneath the floor of the cabin; and at the hint, a score of stalwart fellows began to pull up the planks, while their associates formed a wide circle round, prepared to prevent escape. Finally the cry arose: "Here they air! This is them! Drag 'em out! Whoo-oop!"

The men within the cabin rushed through the doors and windows, as if pursued, and a stalwart negro with bloodshot eyes, almost naked, and flourishing a huge knife, staggered to the threshold, and glared fiercely round him.

The circle stood firm: some were clubbing their cudgels, others lifting their blades, and here and there along the line, rang out the click of a pistol.

"Come, Pete," cried one of the ringleaders; "you're treed, Pete! Don't be a fool, but give yourself in."

The negro gnashed his teeth, and his wild eyes glared like coals of fire.

"Do you gib me fair play?" he bellowed, extending the knife.

"Yes, Pete, yes!" answered the multitude.

"Then look heah!" answered the wretch, drawing his knife across his throat. He staggered into the air like an ox, cursing as he came; they parted, to avoid him, and as he reached a fence, a few rods from the cabin, he leaned upon it, and swaying to and fro, raised his horrible eyes to the sky.

Paul recognized his ancient captor with a thrill and a silent prayer. Vengeance had come in His own good time, and Paul felt no bitterness towards the poor fellow, but craved forgiveness for his slipping soul.

The second offender burrowed so remotely that the mob could not drag him from his covert. They struck at him with knives, and hired dogs to creep beneath the logs, and rend him, but in vain. At length one of the ringleaders obtained a torch, and the cabin was fired in several places. The flames spouted into the night, bursting from the small windows, and the roof fell in with a crash, scattering ashes and red-hot coals. They could hear the shriek of the victim now, and he was seen dancing among the firebrands, for the blaze encircled him like an impassable wall. He made a desperate rush at length to overleap the fire, and his figure, magnified by the red light, looked gigantic as he sprang high into the air. A dozen pistols clattered together—the man fell heavily forward, tossing up his scorched hands, and the fizzing, crackling timbers closed darkly above him, to the thunder of his executioners' huzzas.

Paul did not reveal himself. He left the village stealthily, and journeyed northward. Years afterwards, a name was added to the tablet in the church:

HERE LIE ALSO THE REMAINS OF
THE REV. PAUL BATES.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

WOMAN.—What is it to give woman a schooling, if you make her education stop where the real education of her brother begins? What is it to give woman wider employment, unless in this employment you proportion her wages to her work, and don't give her work harder than man's with one quarter of the remuneration? What is it to woman, if better laws are passed here and there for her protection, if still the clergyman binds her to obey, and the lawyer assures her that man and wife are one, and that one is the husband! To reform these things the impulse must come from woman herself. Men judge of woman as they personally see them. How can you expect a man to honor womanhood, if you do your utmost to dishonor it by wickedness or frivolity. How can you expect any man to labor for the elevation of those who spurn at the very laborers, and take pains to explain to the world, that they themselves, at least, are not "strong-minded"; as if anybody supposed they were? How can any man reverence womanhood beyond the personal experience of his own household! I do not need to visit a man to see what his domestic relations are; I can talk to him about the rights and powers of woman, and his answer gives me the true daguerreotype of his sister, wife, mother, daughter. How can he get beyond the standard of Thackeray—every woman weak or wicked—if he can only judge from a wife, who knows nothing in the universe beyond her cooking-stove; and a daughter who has not much experimental acquaintance with even that? On the other hand, what tales of mesmerism or alchemy can fitly symbolize the power of a noble woman over him who loves her? The tale of Undine is only half the story. Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia needs to be placed beside it. Woman not merely finds her own soul through love, but gives it to her lover. Woman has this mighty power—when will she use it nobly? There are thousands to-day who are looking out of their loneliness, their poverty or their crime, for the new age, when women shall be truer to themselves than men have ever been to women; the new age of higher civilization, when moral power shall take the place of brute force, and peace succeed to war.—*T. W. Higginson.*

A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

No! is my answer from this cold, bleak ridge,
Down to your valley: you may rest you there:
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you
With something that is kinder far than scorn,
And think, "Ah, well! I might have grovelled, too;
I might have walked there, fettered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable ways;
Once from these heights I shrank, beheld afar,
In the soft lap of quiet, easy days.

I might (I will not hide it)—once I might
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,
The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right;
But Truth has steered me free, and I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer
At the poor herd that call their misery bliss;
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,
I drop you down my answer: it is this:

I am not yours, because you seek in me
What is the lowest in my own esteem:
Only my flowery levels can you see,
Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself;
Your heart has scarcely room for me beside,
I could not be shut in with name and pelf;
I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride!

Not yours—because you are not man enough
To grasp your country's measure of a man!
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,
Cannot walk in them, learn that women can!

Not yours, because in this the nation's need,
You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,
And do not feel the meanness of your deed;
I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps
For woman's scaling, care not I to know;
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,
She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
Sometimes move with me at my being's height:
To follow him to his more glorious place,
His purer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
Beyond these peaks rich harmonies I hear,—

The morning chant of Liberty and Law!
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot:
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw
Rises a nation without stain or spot.

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain:
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime;
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!
You cannot hear the voices in the air!
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day:
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me I do not walk these hills alone:
Heroes who poured their blood out for the Truth,
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks, and consecrated brows!
It charms me not,—your call to rest below:
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:
Take my life's silence for your answer: No!

– Atlantic Monthly for December.

SOME LAST WORDS OF AMOS GILBERT,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT THE HOUSE OF JOSHUA GILBERT, IN BART TOWNSHIP, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 15TH, 1863.

ADMONISHED by years and increasing infirmity that this may not be long my abiding place; having many friends to whom it would be pleasant to address some last words, but they being so scattered and some so distant that I have no hope we shall ever meet face to face, a thought has presented itself, that however different would be personal interviews with them, the expression of some sentiments and emotions would be applicable in the case of each, and hence this circular.

The result of eighty years experience is not necessarily accumulation of wisdom: I speak only of the fact. A search after the cause is of great import to those whose responsibility will continue through long years to come.

Some gleanings from my life-travel may aid them as hints, or way-marks, not so much to direct in the right way, as to point out divergent paths.

Never aspire to be more than a whole man or woman, and never consent to be less. Preserve and maintain your own individuality, at the same time cherishing respect for the individuality of others. Never strive to be as wise or as good as *somebody*, nor think you are on the summit when you are abreast of him. Let "Excelsior" be your standing motto. In enlightened society be a learner; when with the ignorant be a teacher—not obsequious in the one case, nor arrogant in the other.

Certain and natural science are based on known fundamental principles; it is, therefore, lost time to argue with those who are ignorant or regardless of those principles.

The elements of moral and social science are equally fixed and more simple, being nothing more and nothing less than a practical acknowledgement of universal human brotherhood. Do as you would be done by, in its brevity, comprehensibility and applicability, comprises them all. Never trifle with your convictions.

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue."

Or,

"Learn to avoid what thou believest sin,
Mind what reproves and justifies within,
No act is good which does disturb thy peace,
Or can be bad which makes true joy increase."

Ethics and theology are distinct. The one relates to the duties man owes to beings by whom he is surrounded in this life, and they are of indispensable obligation at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. The other relates to unknown worlds and unseen beings, and prescribes incomprehensible duties. The one we cannot fail to know if we carefully scrutinize our interior selves; of the other we can know nothing except by direct revelation, for "no man hath seen God at any time," and "whatever is known of God is manifest *in* man." The divinity student was aware of this, when, making his debut or trial effort, he took the word MAN for his text, and said:

"His ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through it is trouble and care,
His egress out of it—nobody knows where,
But if he does well here he will do well there,
And I could tell no more if I'd preach a year."

Never argue in opposition to your own belief, nor urge your opinions on others, unless an important moral principle is involved; in such case be explicit and inflexible in your advocacy. If the truth is unpalatable, and its befitting utterance is offensive, that is no fault of yours, nor should it deter you from a persistent vindication of the right and exposure of the wrong, however the public mind may be stultified or vitiated. Call things by their names. The man who falsifies is a liar; he who steals is a thief, and so of every wrong.

If you are accused, if you believe the accuser honest, show that you have been misrepresented or your motives misconstrued, but never urge *his errors* in mitigation of your own.

Refrain from the discussion of Politics and Theology; the one is irritating and the other stultifying.

If alimentiveness, acquisitiveness, amativeness, or other passion, propensity or appetite, urges to improper indulgence, take especial care to bring it under the control of the reflecting faculties and moral sentiments.

If an apology is needed for the obtrusion of his thoughts by an erring one, find it in the wish he entertains that you may be spared the regrets that are sure to follow a neglect to use